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July - Aug, 1990

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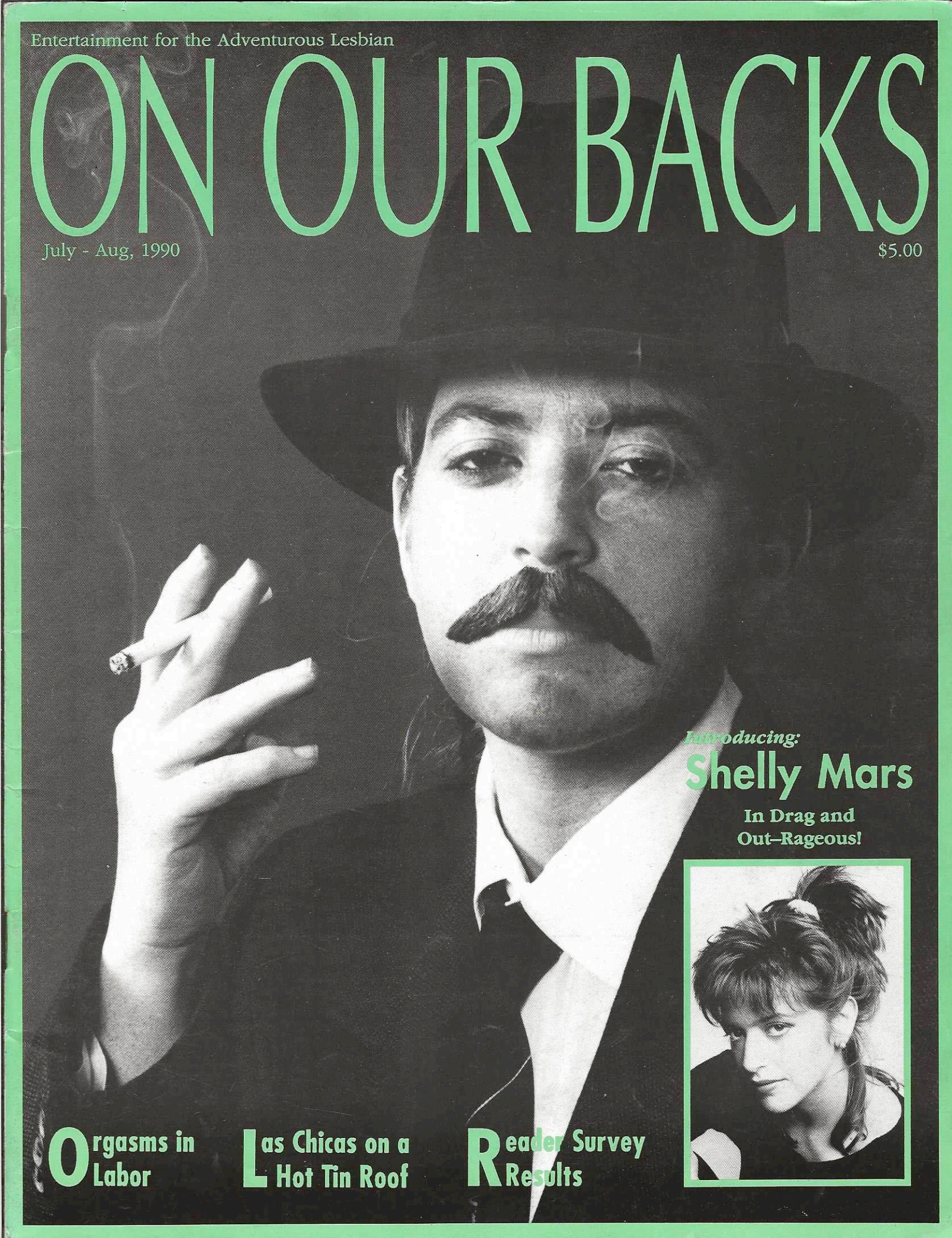

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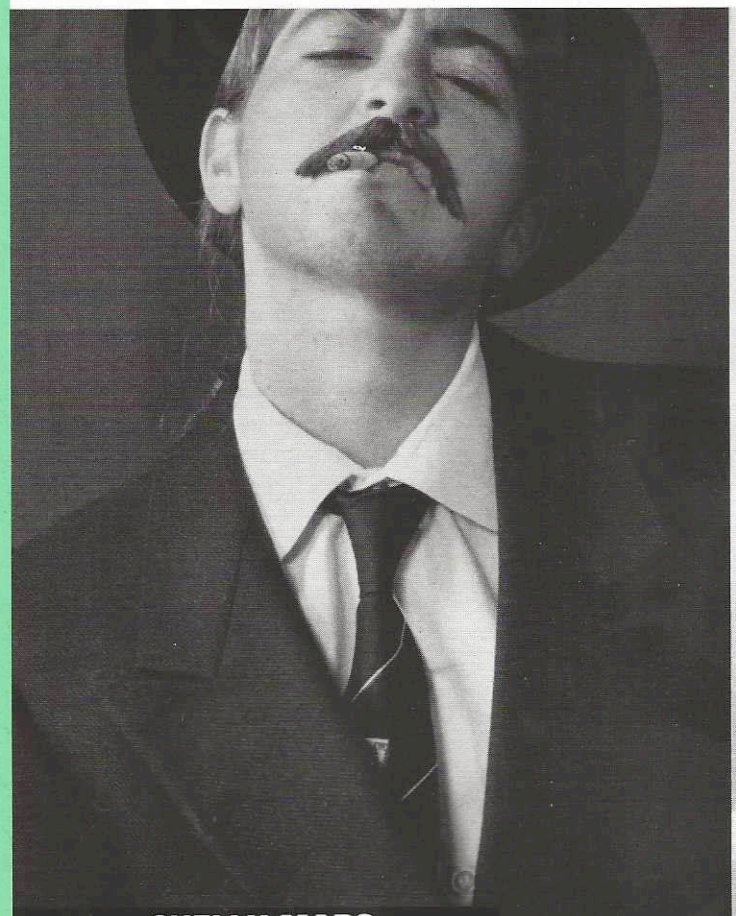

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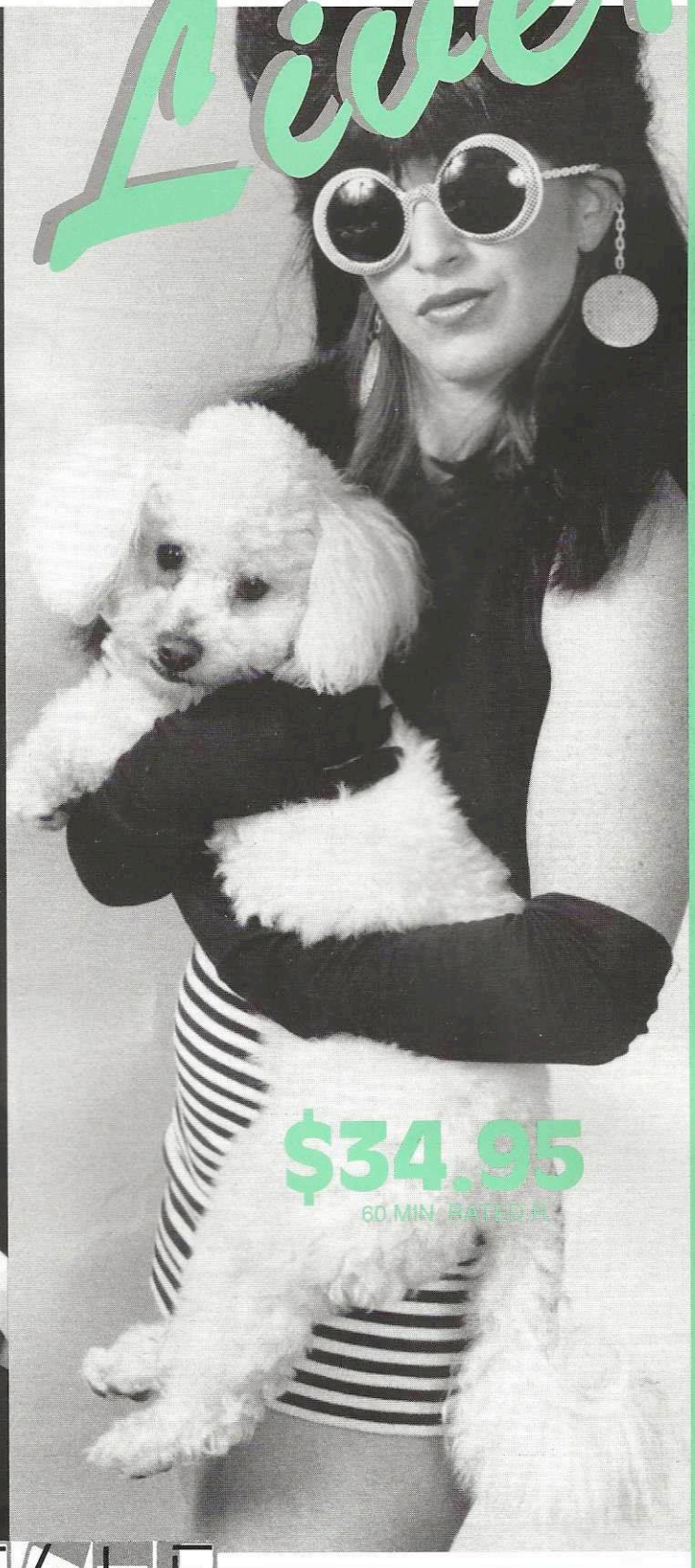

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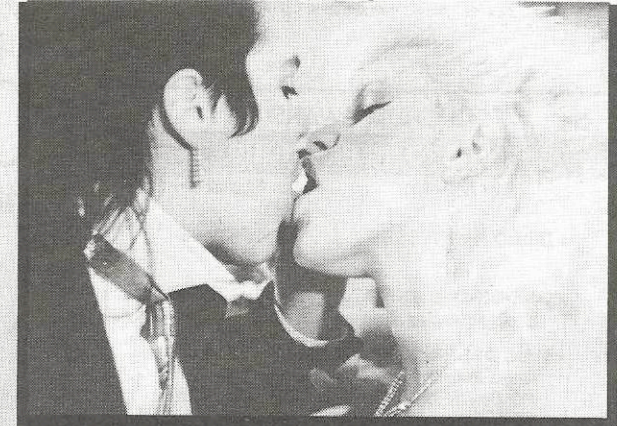

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# ON OUR BACKS

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| | |
|---|---|
| PUBLISHER | Debi Sundahl |
| ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER | Nan Kinney |
| EDITOR | Susie Bright |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR | Lisa LaBia |
| CONTRIBUTING EDITORS | Marcy Sheiner<br>Fiction |
| | Lulu Belliveau<br>Photography |
| DESIGN & DESKTOP PUBLISHING | Robin Simmons |
| PASTE-UP | Tim Hixon |
| DISTRIBUTION | Greta Christina<br>Christine Hassell |
| ADVERTISING | Linda Benmour |

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Vol. 6 No. 6 July - Aug, 1990

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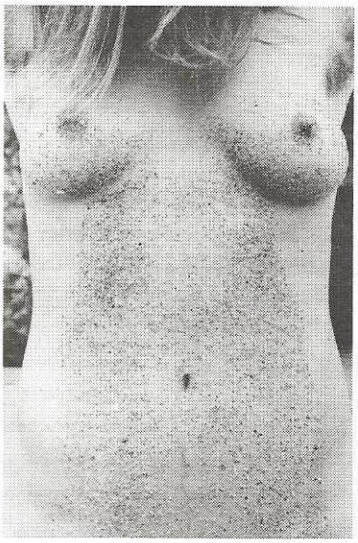

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***model*** Shelly Mars

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**Arwen Bryan-Adams** is stranded in the wilderness of NYC, where she justifies her own voyeurism by penning a dissertation on lesbian spectatorship (rah rah). Rescue attempts by women of stature are welcomed.

**Kris Kovick:** "I just started hanging out with a woman who reminded me of something my mother told me when she was trying to socialize my latent heterosexuality, She said, 'Kris, women love sideburns.'"

**Annie Sprinkle** is currently working on her pet project *Sex Kitchen: Live Erotic Entertainment for the Homeless.*

**Serena Moloch** would give her left pinky to go back in time and spend a night with Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth. The other fingers she needs...

This is the first published photo for New York camp counselor **Tawnya Dudash.** Congratulations!

Arwen Bryan-Adams

**Myra Fourwinds** enjoys plunging her camera into the void of unseen imagery and exposing our depths to light.

**Morgan Gwenwald** has been producing photographic images of lesbian sexuality for over a decade. She is always looking for models to continue this exploration, hoping to compile a body of work as diverse and exciting as the community itself.

*Transformations: Crossdressers and Those Who Love Them* is the latest work from photographer **Mariette Pathy-Allen.** The portraits and interviews reveal a fascinating subculture that challenges the concept of male identity.

**Tracy Mostovoy's** "Toys For Us" photo is part of her new series titled *Naked Women in Public Places*. But the police don't take kindly to political displays of public nudity, so after a near arrest and confiscation of precious film, Mostovoy has come up with a new excuse to beat the heat: "Next time, I'm going to play dumb and tell them I'm in art school."

Jessica Tanzer being a sluggard

**Cathy Lee Prochaska** has turned into a crazed workaholic since she became one of the publicists for the Seattle International Film Festival.

**Jessica Tanzer** never sends us a Contributor's Note. Bad girl. She deserves no spanking.

## TRUTH AND DARE . . . . . .

Barbara Dare and Kit Marseilles from *Erotic in Nature* are the two most desirable bed partners ever seen here on our ranch. We'd love to see more of these two!

I also enjoyed the Sextracts bit on gay sheep. We've seen no gay behavior in the brood mares, but have had a similar experience with one of our over-active Arabian studs mounting his "brother-in-law." Fully drawn, he gets off a full load on his surprised stable mate! This proves that even sheep like to horse around!

*CeeCee LaTange*
*Anaheim, CA*

I was thrilled to read your interview with Barbara Dare (March/April 90). She's been one of my favorites since I saw her in *Barbara the Barbarian* a few years ago but I had no idea she had such a liking for women!

*Veronica Rowe*
*Moorpark, CA*

Cheers to Barbara Dare! Congratulations to her for stepping out of the porn closet.

Running out to my local blue video, I found myself frustrated as seven people had already been in that night looking for *Where the Boys Aren't* but only one was lucky. I persevered and soon after my girlfriend and I were well rewarded. Barbara Dare is inspiring on many levels.

*M. Mills*
*Seattle WA*

## BRIGHT SAID TO BE RAGING PHALLIC EGOMANIAC! . . . . . .

Susie: You are an unrelenting narcissist. When is *On Our Backs* going to move beyond your hall of mirrors? Originally, we had psychiatry to thank for confusing the categories of narcissism and lesbianism. But now we have you to thank for boring us to tears with details about your life and your desire to be desired. Get over yourself. Your story about conception was even worse that the job Jan Clausen did in *Out/Look*,

CATHY LEE PROCHASKA

on ecstatic sex with men. I know having a critical perspective on heterosexuality has been deemed passé in the pages of *On Our Backs*. But your marketing strategy has been to claim that the magazine is devoted to writing about and representing sex between women. So why do we have to endure your defensive railing against women in order to then be stultified by your favorite topic: the pleasure-making phallus. I guess it's too much to ask for you to consider how that pleasure tool is attached to the institutional and oppressive power. And you might be surprised at how many of us don't care if you fuck with the TV on or off. More importantly, was your conception ecstatic because you could see yourself in the shine of the TV tube?

*On Our Backs* does what no other magazine does and for that we are grateful. But more and more it reads like a diary of your life where you bitch about thought police and then churn out the same very old straight shit about getting turned on by a real cumming dick. Why not deconstruct the organic dick and talk about pleasure between women? For someone who hates the shackles of identity, you sure do dish out an ample portion of your own identity. Is it too much to ask for a little diversity?

*Drowsy with Details*
*Somewhere, USA*

*A eunuch from my harem just pried me away from my vanity table where I was assiduously applying my semen cream facial. They insisted I read your letter and reply. Your stinging words almost sent me into great big phallic-size tears, until it occurred to me: What gets you off? It's certainly not your "critical perspective." You're in such a sweat over how I got pregnant that you missed the boat on how lesbian solo mothers approach their pregnancy and sexuality. You, unfortunately, have reduced it to the spectacle of a "real cumming dick."*

*I've been inspired for 6 years now to cover every aspect of lesbian sex under the sun and it takes more than one "pleasure-making phallus" to get me off the track.*

*P.S. Just what is <u>your</u> pleasure making tool attached to?*

*(more letters on page 7)*

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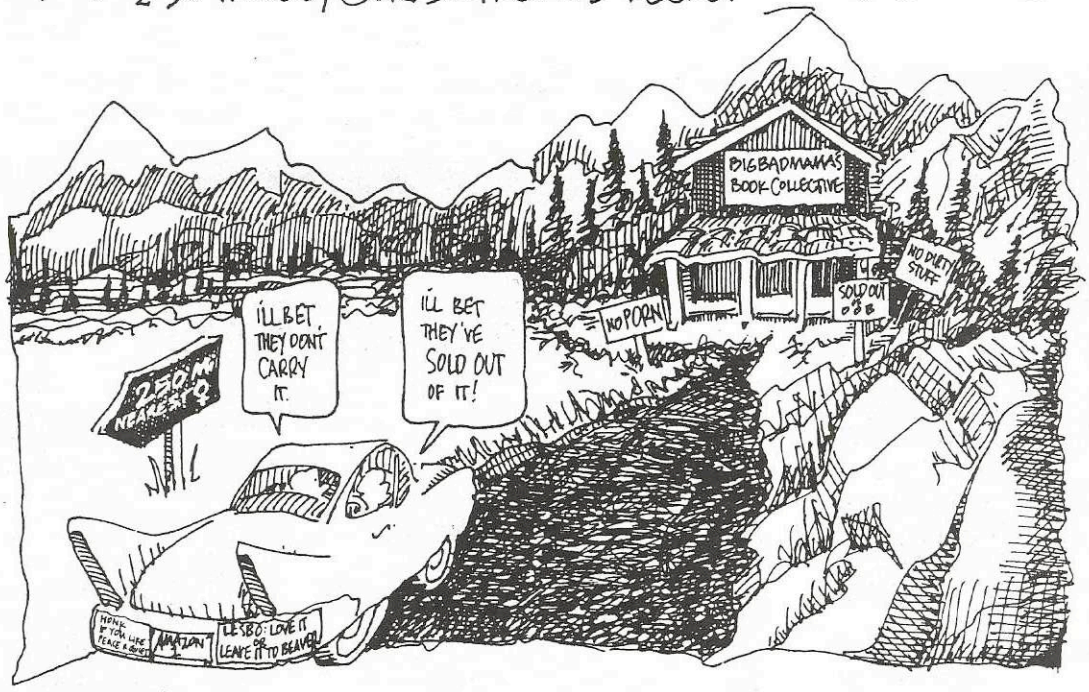
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## MOMMY, WHAT'S A VIBRATOR? . . .

I loved Susie Bright's "What to Expect" (March/April 90). As a single mother, I look forward to discussions in *On Our Backs* about children and sexuality. How do we raise them to be free about their sexuality without them embarrassing us at daycare by talking about dildos? How much sexual information, and at what age, do they need? Are there erotic images that we enjoy but don't want our kids to see?

*Eris Weaver*
*Rohnert Park, CA*

## PREGNANT PASSIONS . . . . .

I was delighted to read about Susie Bright's expectation. I, too, am a lesbian mom, twice over. Some of the best sex I ever had happened during my pregnancies. I find it unbelievable how many lesbians and straight women are turned on by a pregnant women. Butches and straight women pursued me in droves! One thing I definitely noticed were my orgasms were more intense during pregnancy. I think labor and delivery are just one huge orgasm! Have you heard that the first lesbian act is a baby girl sucking at her mom's tit? Oh, how it was with my daughters!

*Bernice Raymond*
*New York, NY*

## BI BI PREJUDICE . . . . . .

Greta Christina's "Drawing the Line" (May/June 90) was powerful. I wish I could say I was wholly unthreatened by bisexuality, but that isn't the case. I am one of those dykes who tends to look through men. I'm not thrilled about penetration and I don't think I'm missing out on anything by eschewing sex with men, hopefully for the rest of my life. They've done plenty of things to piss me off, but the overriding feeling is indifference. I feel so joyous in my relationships with women, I want to put my best energies into them.

I'm coming from a basic lack of understanding and yes, affinity, about bisexuals and straights. I always wanted to understand, though, and this article has helped me. I read it with an open mind and it changed me. I feel more actively supportive of bisexuality than I have in the last 10 years since I've been out. Reading this, I sat up straighter in my chair; first out of respect for Christina's talent as a writer, and second in recognition of the validity of the content. I'm sure there are lots of lesbians like me who are anxious to rid themselves of confusion and prejudice towards bisexuals, but find it hard to fight their way through the tangled emotions and get to the other side. Every time I've made that journey, I've found relief. That's why I reach out eagerly for articles like this, which are intelligent, insightful and go a long way toward freeing the tolerance in me.

*Laura Federico*
*San Francisco, CA*

## ONE TRACK MIND . . . . . .

I agree that art needs to push people, but I question the images of women being fucked with guns or cut with razors as a way to do that. I worry that the films of Lydia Lunch (Jan/Feb 90) and magazines like *On Our Backs* will be interpreted by men as an excuse to perpetuate the status quo. How can they interpret these images otherwise? Men have an investment in keeping us submissive and like to guilt trip us into believing that we really want it. Lunch's films and your magazine will be all the proof they need. Men will be overjoyed that women are now doing the dirty work for them in *On Our Backs*.

I don't buy your magazine's attitude that I am uptight or sexually repressed if I don't get off on abusive pictures of women. We are attracted to these images because they are all we have ever known. And who needs a bunch of doodads to get off? Not me!

*Gigi Fauquet*
*Louisa, VA*

*Obviously, the interview with Lydia Lunch pushed you enough to write a letter, which only proves its effectiveness. It's not our attitude that you <u>should</u> do anything! Get on, get off, get lost... whatever appeals to you.*

## THE GENDERLESS FUCK . . . . . .

I'm finding this S/M controversy very disturbing and obnoxiously divisive. It seems premature and censorious to tout some forms of sex as "pro-woman" or "feminine" and proscribe others as "masculine" and "oppressive". We are still entering the arena fettered by societal guilt. I suspect that most, maybe all acts and fantasies, are human; therefore genderless. Anti-penetrationists aside, many of us discovered and reclaimed fucking as the summit of womanly expression, and began to reexamine our politics in general. At this point in the game, it might be best to keep an open mind and see ALL predilections as *human* options, not as vestiges of oppression. Any S/M activity should be viewed without prejudice and allowed to foment or fall away naturally, the feminine way.

*Samantha Peterson*
*Brooklyn, NY*

> *"How do we raise our kids to be free about their sexuality . . ."*

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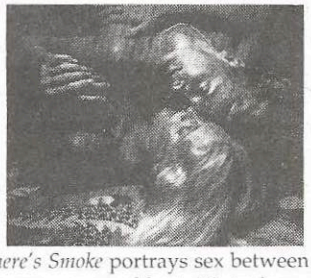

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# LESBIANS IN LABOR

If I were an obstetrician I would make every woman take four prenatal classes: Childbirth Prep, Breast Feeding 101, Infant and Mother Nutrition, and Lesbian Sex. But I will get even more radical and say that every *lesbian* should take a Sex and Pregnancy class because it's not just Mr and Mrs. Straight who are ignorant about what sex and a big belly have to do with each other.

When it comes to pre-natal sex, even progressive urban professionals seem to lose all perspective. Just yesterday one of my pregnant friends told me that her doctor advised her, because of her baby's current position, she should refrain from "sex" until after delivery. She has eight weeks to go.

## Don't fear the big belly!

"What is 'sex'?" she asked him. Reluctantly, he admitted he meant penetration. What kind of penetration? He had a hard time comprehending what different sorts of penetration could be. I imagined my friend ripping open her purse and exposing half a dozen dildos in different sizes — "Would any of these be OK, Doc?

Although there are certain conditions under which penetration and sexual stimulation should be avoided, modern medicine generally chooses to focus on abstinence and blind caution during pregnancy, rather than on ways of adapting to and exploring a magnificent physical change. Sex and pregnancy information need to address a woman's physical need for intimacy and affection, her changing levels of desire and orgasmic response, and the role sexual stimulation plays in labor and delivery.

TRACY MOSTOVOY

Brave New Bright

During pregnancy, the genitals receive increased blood circulation, becoming puffier, more sensitive and rosier. Vaginal lubrication often increases and the famous gigantic breast-growing syndrome makes for tender, touchy nipples. Now doesn't this sound like a woman who needs to be made love to morning, noon and night? Exactly.

But these changes can scare the mother, turn off her lover or create frustration not knowing how to gratify these new sensations. As with any new sexual experience, whether it's a vibrator, latex gloves for safe sex, or the second trimester, some folks are bound and determined to avoid change and make excuses for their avoidance. But separating sex from pregnancy is a tragedy; an emotional divorce from one's natural responses. It's also ignorance of how sex prepares women for successful labor and delivery. Orgasm and lovemaking during pregnancy are the *best* training and preparation you can have for childbirth and also the kind of sexual experience that a woman will value long beyond her nine month adventure.

Let me tell you how pregnancy affected my libido. My clit and lips certainly got bigger; I could feel their presence without crossing my legs. I couldn't touch my clitoris directly because it was too much, too fast. I felt as if I could come with three pairs of underwear on and a feather brushed across me. Penetration took on a new angle because my vaginal opening was more sensitive and the walls of my cunt actually felt chewier—swollen and elastic at the same time.

My breasts were too tender to squeeze throughout the first six months, but I like my nipples sucked more than I ever had before. They were a bee line connection to my vulva! Not to mention the excitement of pre-milk (called *colostrum*) that expressed from my nipples at eight months. I wanted to taste it, I wanted everyone to taste it! I felt like throwing open my window and exclaiming, "Witness the miracle of the human body!" But I haven't turned into a faith healer yet.

Despite all this potency and horniness, I found it more difficult and time consuming to come because navigating through these new sensations was so unusual. It just felt so good to be caressed, petted, licked and fucked, that I would enjoy a trance-like state of gratification and lose sight of building up to the Big O. My hips, lower back and inner thighs got so tense and burdened with the weight of the baby, that any massage in these areas erotic or not, was blissfully tension relieving.

Early on in my childbirth education class I received a handout on an exercise

*(continued on page 44)*

SUSIE BRIGHT

# ASK FANNY

## . . . "DOES THIS MEAN MAYBE I'M NOT BUTCH?"

### THE DILDO CRISIS

### GAMEY GOILS

**Dear Fanny:** I've been together with this woman for a year. We don't have sex anymore. Well, we never did have much sex. She teases me a lot and I can tell she wants it—I suspect that's her desire too, behind all the tease. But I'm afraid if I do what I really want to do, just take her and fuck her passionately, she'll reject me. Any suggestions?

*Losing patience*

***And yet another tease...***

**Dear Fanny:** I am a 24 year old who just came out. One night I went to this gay bar and saw Kat. She danced close behind me, rubbing my back with hers. She gave me her number, told me to call, so I did. When I asked her out, she wouldn't say yes or no. I called again and we talked for a long time. She invited me over to her place, but just stared at me the whole time. We slow danced at the bar one other time, and since then she ignores me. But she continues to stare at me and then give me a big smile. She'll stand close by and watch me on the dance floor. What's going on? I can't get her off my mind. Where can I find a woman who's into a long relationship, not games or just sex? I'm shy. No more bars!!

*In love with Kat in Allentown, PA*

***Dear Lost Lovers**: Are we fourteen or 24? Just coming out or falling in love can make us feel like adolescents, but golly, girls, put your child down for a nap and ask your adult to help you find some guidance here.*

*Adolescent behavior in adult lesbian sexuality and relationships is commonplace. For example, lesbian fiction is full of one-dimensional, self-doubting characters, who would rather play a tender game of cat and mouse rather than explore a mature relationship.*

*Our identity as lesbians has matured since Stonewall, but, like teenagers, our struggle for independence and self-identity is still colored with more selfishness and insecurity than we'd like to admit.*

*You are both afraid of rejection because chances are good you <u>will</u> be rejected. This is a no-win, passive/aggressive situation. You cannot make this person happy or love you. They are control freaks and get their rocks off by keeping you guessing. They are masters at finding your weak spots and stomping on them. Run, don't walk, to the nearest exit. Refuse all phone calls consistently and directly. Resist all efforts on their part to drag you into a fruitless "discussion" about it, and all desires on your part to "change" them. Tell yourself over and over again, "There are other women who are just as pulse-pounding and will work with me to get what I want out of a relationship." Then keep looking and don't settle for bargain basement sales talk.*

### TOO BUTCH TO TOUCH

**Dear Fanny:** I'm butch, my lover is femme and we have a problem with our sex life. Although we're both often satisfied with our regular lovemaking, (I fuck her with my dildo and usually have clitoral orgasms by rubbing my clit on the dildo while fucking her) once in while I get the urge to be fucked in my cunt, too. I want her to strap on the dildo. She says that's "too butch"for her. Does this mean maybe I'm not butch? Also, I only want a femme to fuck me, not another butch.

*Bummed out in Buffalo*

***Dear Bummed:** First of all, congratulations for being comfortable enough with your masculinity to want to roll over. You have lots of company. Once upon a time, there were Stone Butches who never let their beloveds touch them, or even allowed themselves orgasmic pleasure. Many a lover of a such Stones found this denial too sad for words. Eventually, the self-inflicted physical distance doomed their romance and happiness together.*

*The modern tale, however, ends in unlimited orgasms for both! Remember, no dildo comes with butch or femme instructions. So why don't you try playing a game. Here's the scenario:*

*Your honey says, "You gorgeous hunk. You sexy, strong, handsome thing. What's that tool between your legs that I want?" She runs her hands all over your body and your dick. She is ga-ga over you. It pumps you up but you put on a tough expression.*

*She opens your fly, puts your dick in her mouth and grabs your buttcheeks. She says over and over, "I'm crazy 'bout your body. I love your ass. Look at that strong ass!" She rolls you over, gives it a whack and smothers her face in your asscheeks. She inhales every part of you, putting her kisses everywhere. You lay back and enjoy all this attention. It feels great.*

*She lets her passion for your body carry her away. She gets a crazy feeling to fuck you, to find out what you feel like in that soft, pink little place. She tells you so. She feels daring. You feel a little squeamish, but she has you in her spell. She wets her finger and pushes it in slow and deep. Oh boy, that feels intense for you, and she's surprised at how warm and good it feels in there.*

*She gets off on the knowledge that she's made you feel quite overcome with sexual sensation. She wants more and thinks about the dildo in the toy chest. She lubes it up and tells you to get up on your knees. Whoa! What a rush as she guides it into your hole. She reaches around and rubs your clit with your dick. You abandon yourself to utter pleasure. You love these physical feelings and banish any thoughts about not being butch. She gets transfixed on how the dildo looks going in and out of you. She succumbs to curiosity and pretends it's her cock. She thinks you look so gorgeous and voluptuous, and starts to feel rather tender about fucking you. "You look so good, baby," she coos. Suddenly, she gets a wave of insecurity, like maybe she's not doing it right or you don't like it. She pushes those thoughts out of her mind and focuses on being very turned on. How can she ome from fucking like this? All kinds of fantasies pour into her head. She's stumbled upon something big and knows she's going to want more.*

*Meanwhile, you have a blow-out orgasm, and she holds you until you recover. Then she climbs onto your cock and you fuck each other madly. The end.* Δ

***Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to: Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.***

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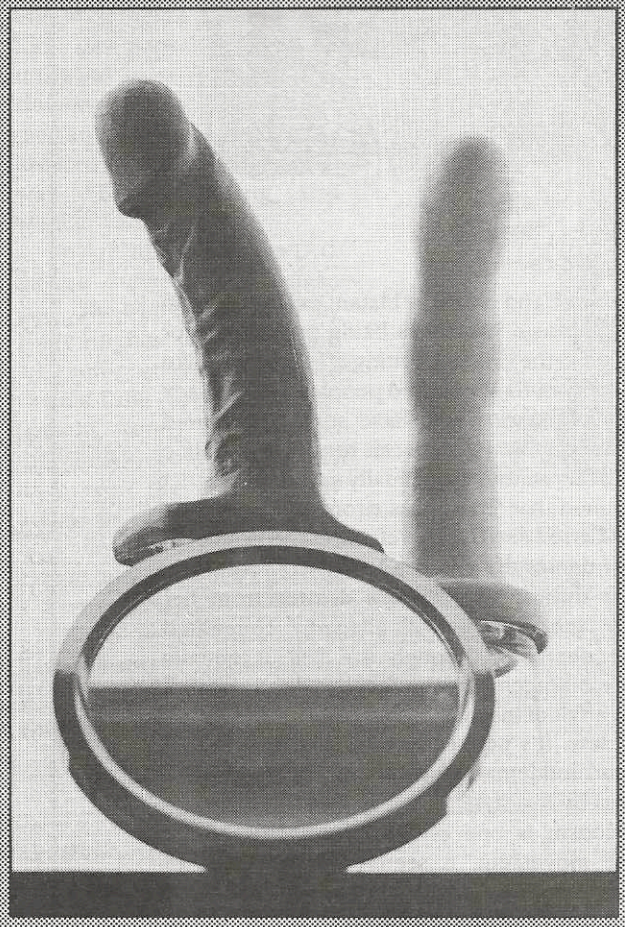

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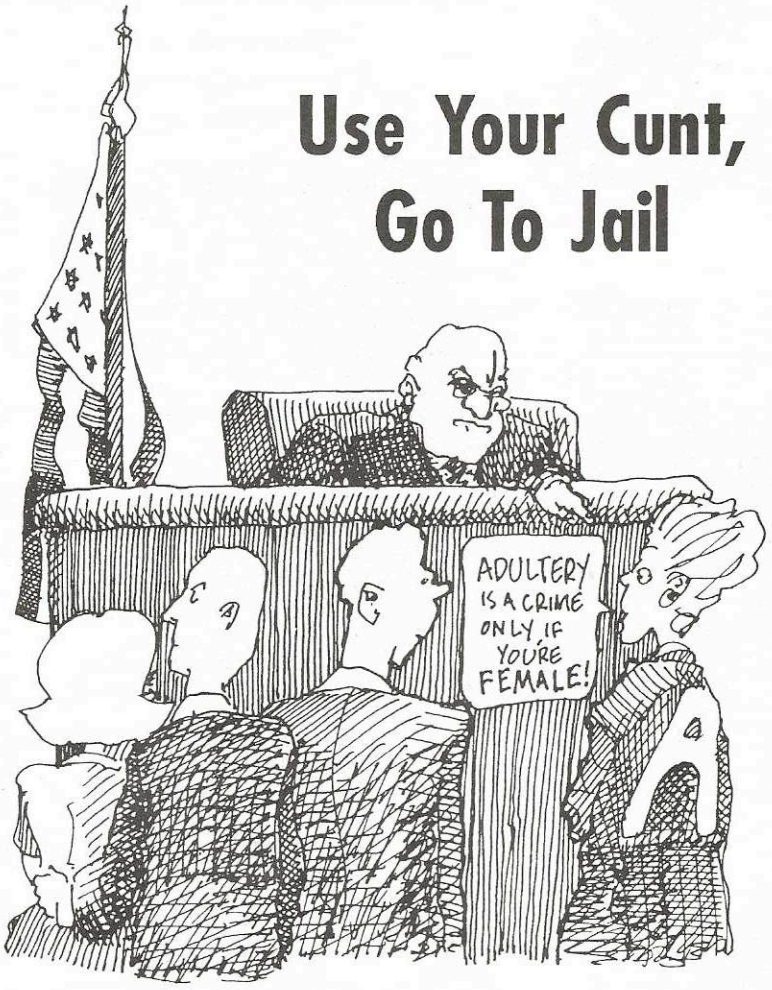
# Use Your Cunt, Go To Jail




In one of the most anachronistic and bizarrely blatant cases of sexism in the courts, a 28-year old Wisconsin woman is being prosecuted for adultery, while the men involved in the case are getting off scot-free. Like many states, Wisconsin specifically outlaws married people who have sex outside the marriage, as well as persons who have sex with married people. Despite the fact that nobody in the state can recall the last time the obscure and antiquated adultery statute was actually enforced, District Attorney Robert Eaton determined that "there was strong evidence of a violation" of the law by Donna Carroll and that therefore he had no choice but to prosecute. (Ms. Carroll denies the charges.)

The accusations came up during Ms. Carroll's divorce from her husband, Robert. Ironically, the man Carroll allegedly committed adultery with has not been charged, although the law is equally applicable to him. Even more outrageous is the fact that her husband, who has admitted to having an affair of his own, is also being mysteriously exempted from the obsolete law. It's not really surprising that sexual freedom is tolerated for men and condemned for women; but it's a bit disconcerting to see this enforced by the state.

Not coincidentally, Wisconsin is one of the strongholds of the feminist anti-porn censorship movement. It seems that the parts of America where right-wing anti-feminism and homophobia have their strongest grip are also where the feminist movement is most active about policing other women's sex lives. Anybody see a connection? Nah. Guess we're just being paranoid.

# Like A Bottom

S/M gear seems to be the chi-chi Hollywood thing lately, with celebrities from Michael Jackson to Cher strutting around in bondage suits and leather. But only Madonna had the guts to admit that her naughty-slut stage persona isn't just an act when she appeared on the Arsenio Hall show and revealed that she liked to be spanked. "I'm talking about the kind you get when you're not bad," she said. "Not so it hurts. Just a little stinging."

Now we know what you and Sandra Bernhard were up to all this time, girl. Why don't you come down to San Francisco and bend over for *On Our Backs?*

# And The Winner IS...

Michelle Shocked, on winning Folk Album of the Year at the New Music Awards: "This category should have been called 'Best Lesbian Vocalist.'" The other nominees? Phranc, Nanci Griffith, the Indigo Girls, and last but not least, Tracy Chapman. (Oops — what a giveaway.)

# Lie Back And Be Counted

What's the average household income of lesbians in Miami? How do dykes in Des Moines feel about abortion? Do queer relationships in the country last longer than those in the city? How do gays and lesbians vote on environmental issues? Who exactly are we, anyway?

Overlooked Opinions, Inc. is America's first research organization to target the habits and opinions of gays, lesbians, and bisexuals. They are forming a national opinion panel and issuing a call for members; all gays, lesbians, and bisexuals are invited to join. The group sends confidential surveys regularly to all participants and keeps them informed of the results of previous questionnaires. Their purpose is "to provide information to the lesbian, gay and bisexual community and to educate the social mainstream" and to discover "how our attitudes and political beliefs...differ from those of society as a whole."

Although the U. S. Census is finally acknowledging gay relationships, their bean count leaves much to be desired; even if every American queer couple living together in domestic bliss took the plunge and checked off "unmarried partners," it still leaves a lot of us unrecognized by the Feds. If you want to contribute to the greater understanding of our sexuality, or if you just have a thing for filling out forms, write O.O.I. at 3712 N. Broadway, Suite 277, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 792-7800.

# Jesse's Girls

The sex-hating spirit of Jesse Helms seems to be infecting the lesbian community in Washington, D.C. An anonymous guerilla group, Lesbians Fighting Heteropatriarchy, has stolen and destroyed copies of *On Our Backs* at two gay D.C. bookstores. Red ink was dumped onto the rack displaying *On Our Backs* at Lambda Rising bookstore — destroying several other magazines in the process — and Lammas Bookstore reports unusually large numbers of the magazine being stolen. Later, the *Washington Blade* (D.C.'s local gay paper) received an unsigned letter from the LFH claiming responsibility for the theft and vandalism, which they justified by saying the material was "Lesbian-hating and woman-hating."

In a related incident, a D.C. theatre showcasing a lesbian play, *The Well of Horniness* by Holly Hughes, was vandalized with anti-porn graffiti. Director Connie Lane reacted with bafflement, saying she believed the vandals could not possibly have seen the play. "They accuse us of something we're not guilty of," she said. "There's a dildo on stage, but it's used as a drumstick."

But to the lesbian sex police, a dildo is a dildo is a tool of male imperialism! You have to hand it to these self-appointed arbiters of politically-correct sex, though. It sure takes a lot of courage to "fight the heteropatriarchy" with violent and secretive sneak attacks against other lesbians.

*Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts?* Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to: Sextracts, ***On Our Backs***, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

**Sextracts: Greta Christina**
**Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

# What Do Dildoes Do?

There's a charming Chinese painting of three kimono'd ladies intently examining the wares of a travelling dildo salesman. There are dildos in museums, made of jade, ivory, silver, and wood covered in silk. They're found in the Kama Sutra and in the books and among the artifacts of almost every culture. Everyone knows where they go. The question is: What do they do?

Many women ask us. Here's what we know.

When you are sexually aroused your vagina opens deep inside, like a balloon. You may feel a sense of emptiness and a desire to have that space filled. When you don't have a partner, that's something a dildo can do.

When your vagina begins that lovely, rhythmic pulsing, having something inside can intensify that feeling. That's something else a dildo can do.

You don't feel that pulsing? Since the responsible muscle, the one that girdles the vagina, responds to both movement and pressure a dildo may stimulate that feeling, too.

And of course, a dildo can also be used for anal penetration since that intensifies the pleasure for many women.

But can a dildo, by itself, bring you to orgasm? Psychologically, yes, if it excites you enough. So can a kiss. Or a touch. Or a dream. Or a thought. But there's still a lot of controversy about the physical effects of penetration as the primary cause of orgasm. Orgasms can be felt in the vagina, but do they begin there? If so, what's a clitoris for?

Finally, we should add that we don't think of dildos as imitation penises. We designed them to be factually and aesthetically pleasing.

They're sexual accessories. Not substitutes.

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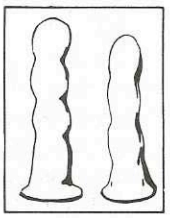

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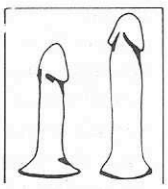

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# IF YOU COULD SEE HER THRU MY EYES . . .

We have a subscriber in Texas who reads *The Wall St. Journal*, *Out/Look*, and *House & Garden* religiously, and she wants to see more erotic bondage, long haired Latina femmes and articles on lesbian parenting in *On Our Backs*. Not to mention she spent $600 last year at Victoria's Secret.

Readers' Surveys are the stuff that advertising and marketing budgets are made of, and when *On Our Backs* polled our readers we certainly intended to put the statistics to no-nonsense business use. But for our editors and artists who put together each issue, each survey was a chance to gaze into our readers' lives and erotic tastes.

TAWNYA DUDASH

An East Coast couple who want more girls wearing glasses.

## The Results of the On Our Backs Readers' Survey

By far, the most controversial question in the survey was "What would you like to see more of?" Our readers answered with descriptions of their ideal woman—who was everything under the sun.

"Give me more butchy babes!" demanded an East Coast rural reader. Yes, the cry for butches was insistent. "More Doc Marten butches, less lingerie femmes!" echoed a couple from New York. "Femmes with big tits wearing dildos fucking butches" was the point blank suggestion of one Midwestern enthusiast.

The cry for the ordinary was also fervent. "Give me good-looking women who don't look like Vampire bats" testified one Southern suburbanite. "I LIKE flannel shirts. I LIKE blue jeans. I get tired of the ultragloss, the overpackaged."

"We are bored with women who are twentysomething and punk. We would like to see more women over 30 being sexual," proffered one urban couple, "with no outside partners." Requests for more romance and hot sex without dildos poured in.

But so did pleas for "more cunt piercings", "deviance", "young hairless wonders", "big daddies and their girls" and, as one single reader in Los Angeles put it: "Get rid of the girl scout shit."

Another common request was for more Black, Latina, and Asian models. Cover model Kitty Tsui, a Chinese American bodybuilder, was mentioned more than any other women who has posed for *On Our Backs*. Her bodybuilder appearance touched off a storm of calls for the "buff woman who lifts weights".

What pleased us most was the spirit of the responses. While you know what you like, you're quite aware that variety is the best aphrodisiac. Of course, there's no pleasing some people. Our strongest criticism came from a suburban couple out West who said they received a copy of *On Our Backs* "by accident." Sharing this copy with an all time high of TEN others, they wrote: "We *all* think it's offensive. We subscribe to magazines that have some class, such as *Harrow-Smith*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Boating Today*."

If only there was a way we could introduce this couple to the other *Atlantic Monthly* subscribers who *also* subscribe to *On Our Backs*, maybe they could have a real classy discussion. Heaven forbid any of these ten should run into our regular readers from *The Bass Angler Sportsman Society* who want to see "more fleshy women like the woman who gave it to Barbie." Δ

SUSIE BRIGHT

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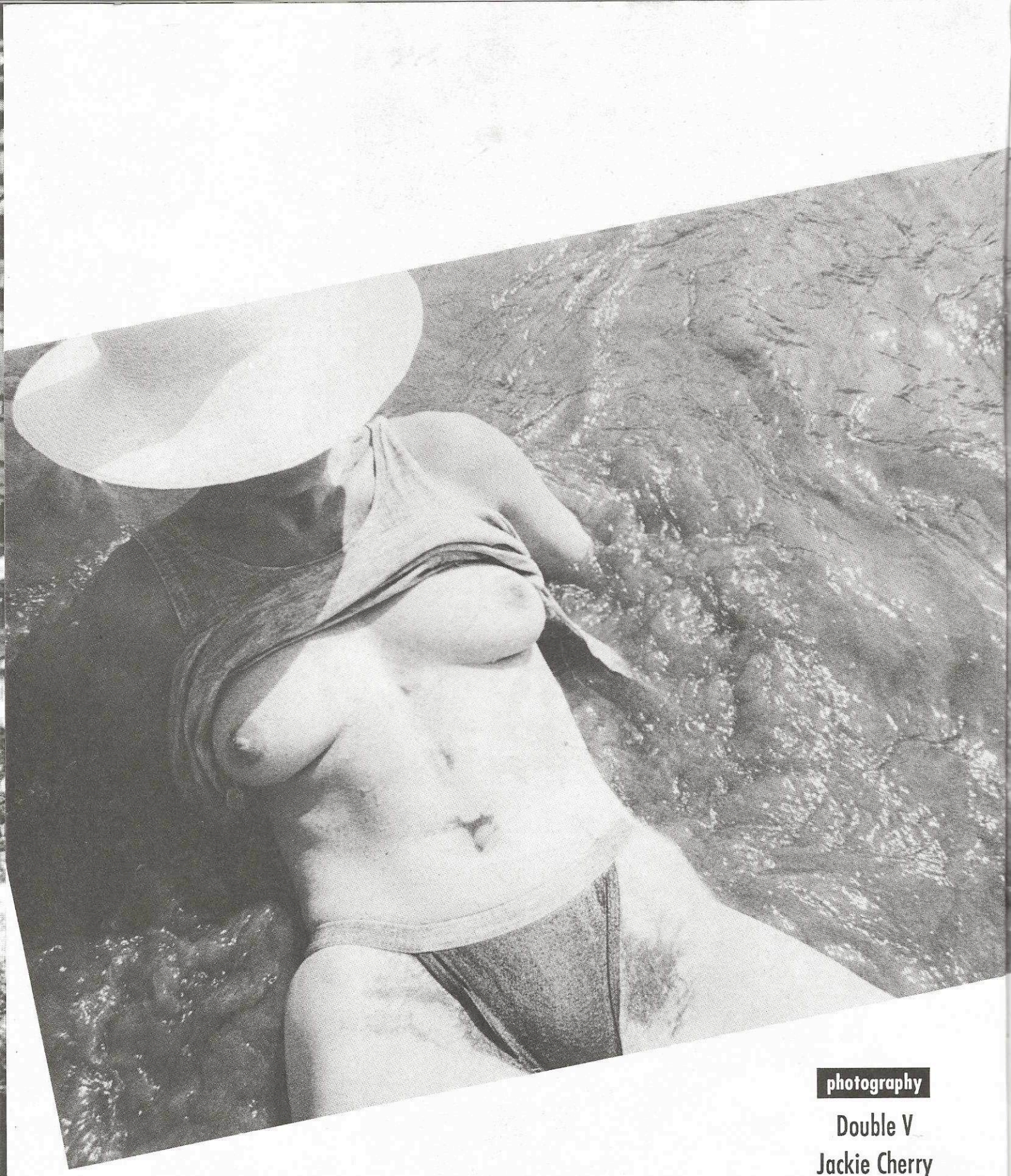

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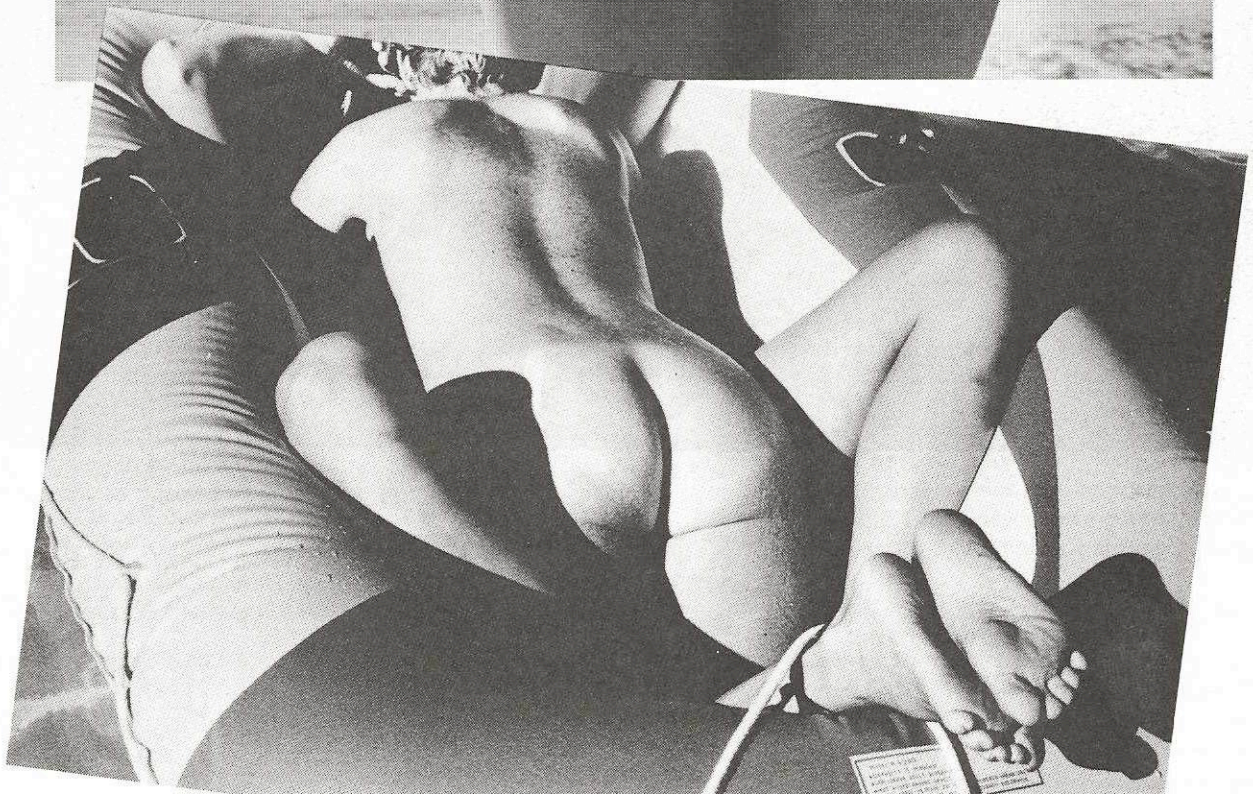


Photos by Mariette Pathy-Allen

# SHELLY MARS

Performance artist Shelly Mars has kicked the boring, soul-baring spectacle of performance art right in the balls. She's created a cast of sexually twisted characters who like to grab the comfortable life by its precious throat and throttle it until it surrenders.

Martin tells all the lesbians in the audience what they need is a dick up their ass. He shows the fags he ain't no faggot. Mistress S whines about having to beat up her maids and says being a dominatrix is a dead-end job, while her more politically correct stepsister, Missy S, encourages all wimmin to link hands and shed the lining of their uterus. The Dog wants to be your most satisfying sex partner.

Mars' infamous Martin has appeared in the Shelly Mars/Katy Krocodile productions of *Dog's Life* and *Unchain My Heart* as well as Monika Treut's film *The Virgin Machine*, but his public debut was captured on videotape at the *BurLEZk* lesbian strip show in San Francisco in 1986. Sporting a baggy suit, mustache and reeking of Australian accent, Martin proceeded to jack his phallic banana off in every dyke's face and ask "You wanna suck my dick?" The women loved it, hated it, and clamored for more.

But Mars refused to release the footage. She was afraid, as many entertainers are, that if the word "dyke" leaked out, she could kiss Hollywood goodbye. Her refusal to wear the pink triangle was also a resistance to that insipid group known as The Lesbian Community. She didn't want her life as a dyke to read like an inscrutable handbook on How To Be a Good Lesbian. Mars felt her appeal as an entertainer was unisexual and her private life was none of your business.

Reaching for the stars this time around, Mars is determined to elbow her way past all the formulas for success including the one that advocates staying off covers of lesbian magazines. She is the star of the new video *BurLEZk Live II* which features Martin's debut. Mars has let go of her identity crisis and is ready to throw it in your face.

*"I've always thought of myself as a black homosexual trapped in a lesbian's body!"*

**BY LISA LaBIA**

**Lisa LaBia**: I saw your character Martin for the first time in Monika Treut's *The Virgin Machine*. Where did he come from?

**Shelly Mars**: I did a video called *Shelly's Psycho Deli*. It was a party tape of all these different characters that I do including this disgusting Australian guy named Martin—

**LL**: Why did you make him Australian?

**SM**: 'Cause I like doing that accent. I did Martin at the *BurLEZk* lesbian strip show in San Francisco. It was the first time I ever stripped as a man. So I put my mustache on, got in my suit, thought about being the jealous man and did all the phallic symbols with a banana. Half the women were freaking out and the other half were loving it.

Debi [Sundahl] and Nan [Kinney] had just bought their first video camera and they taped the show. Then Monica Treut saw the footage and that's how Martin ended up in the *The Virgin Machine*. Now he's destined to be a cult figure!

But I like the *BurLEZk* footage better than *The Virgin Machine* because it's more raw; there are a lot of fresh things happening. The part where I grab the beer off somebody's table and jack off was completely improvisational.

**LL**: How has Martin evolved over the years?

**SM**: He used to be body energy and now he's speaking more. I use the audience reaction to lead the conversation. I got him a new suit and he's looking better these days. He also turns into a woman at the end, to Aretha Franklin's *Natural Woman*. It makes the audience relieved.

**LL**: I think Martin is risky. You're under the spotlight, pretending to munch your own "dick" and then end up virtually naked. Doesn't it make you feel vulnerable?

**SM**: Not yet. I love the form of stripping because it's so improvisational. Stripping is a catharsis. In my show, I'm really in control. Martin is such an asshole but he loves himself so much. He's kind of likable in a sick way because his ego is so big, sometimes you've got to give him credit for that. This little shrimp guy that

*(continued on next page)*

has to be hot shit. Sometimes I think Martin's a real cartoon, and other times I don't. I meet people in real life who are just like Martin. It's frightening that people like that do exist.

**LL**: What inspired Martin?

**SM**: Through the years I've been around many sleazy men and I've watched a lot of strip shows. I haven't actually worked in that many hetero strip clubs, but I just hang out in porno stores and watch those kind of guys.

**LL**: I heard that he was inspired by some sleazy guy in a New Jersey strip club.

**SM**: No, although I did strip for one night in Newark, New Jersey, and the management told me to go home early!

**LL**: Why?

**SM**: Because I don't behave well. I'm not a traditional stripper. I don't believe in doing three songs and by the third song you're taking off your underwear and flashing your cunt at the guys. But that's what they were expecting. So I did anything to get their attention. I went out in big army boots and intimidated them. I acted like I had a cock and said 'suck me!'.

A lot of Martin comes from watching those men and taking the power away. There's a lot of power and release when I become them and say the things they used to say to me. That's why I can't strip for men anymore. I always felt mean and I'd turn on them. I felt vulnerable and like I had to protect myself.

**LL**: When did you start stripping?

**SM**: I worked at the Sutro Bath House, which was the only co-ed bath house in San Francisco. I gave real massage: Shiatsu, Swedish, Deep Tissue; and would also strip there. Then I stripped at the Baybrick, which was a lesbian bar, and even did a week at the Sutter Theater, neither of which exist anymore.

I almost got kicked out of Sutter Theater too. There was no energy with all these businessmen in the audience. They would just stare and wait for you to flash your cunt for a dollar. Once I wore my leather dildo and flashed it at them. The management called me into the office and told me not to wear it and to behave and be nice to the customers. I felt really angry.

**LL**: If you were so angry then why did you keep doing it?

**SM**: I did it for one week only and then I started doing strip shows for women. For the first year, it was magic. Then it went downhill and got kind of sleazy. I found that the women behaved just like the men, if not worse.

Maybe the women were getting jaded, but they'd get up on stage, give the girl a dollar and then stick their tongue in her mouth, as if they could do that! I had women jump up on stage who wouldn't get off. One time I had a whole gang after me because I spit on some girl who wouldn't get off the stage. Certainly this wasn't everybody, it was mostly the big butches that didn't behave well. Sometimes they were very disrespectful. Who says that lesbians are all nice people?

For example, Katy and I just got back from doing two shows in Hawaii and the *lesbians* over there are the kind that dig the rituals and the goddess stuff. But I know some of them were typical dyke shit. They were complaining about us before they even knew who we were! They were afraid that we were into S/M.

We also taught a workshop on performance which was set up by this *lesbian* who worked for Volcano Art Center, and it was the worst! Volcano is a city on the big island of Hawaii where the volcano is erupting right now. Not that many dykes showed up, but the ones that did were from the other part of the island who obviously hadn't seen our show. They were talking this bullshit feminist talk, you know, those coin phrases like "feminist sensibility." Then they left halfway through the workshop. I think they were expecting us to all hold hands and sing wimmin's songs! They kept running over to play the Meg Christian tapes!

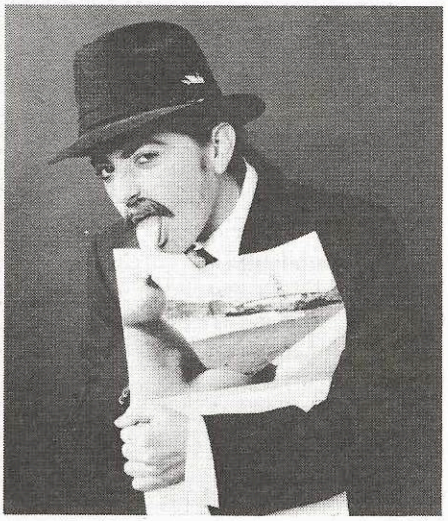
**LL**: OK, every time you say the word *lesbian* you say it like you've got a bad lisp. Why are you so angry at lesbians?

**SM**: Because I find that lesbians are heavy censors. I've been a lesbian for years and I've always felt alienated from that group. I never liked lesbians that much, those kind who are very judgmental and uptight. I don't need that shit. They tell me what I'm supposed to be? What the fuck is a definition of a lesbian anyway?

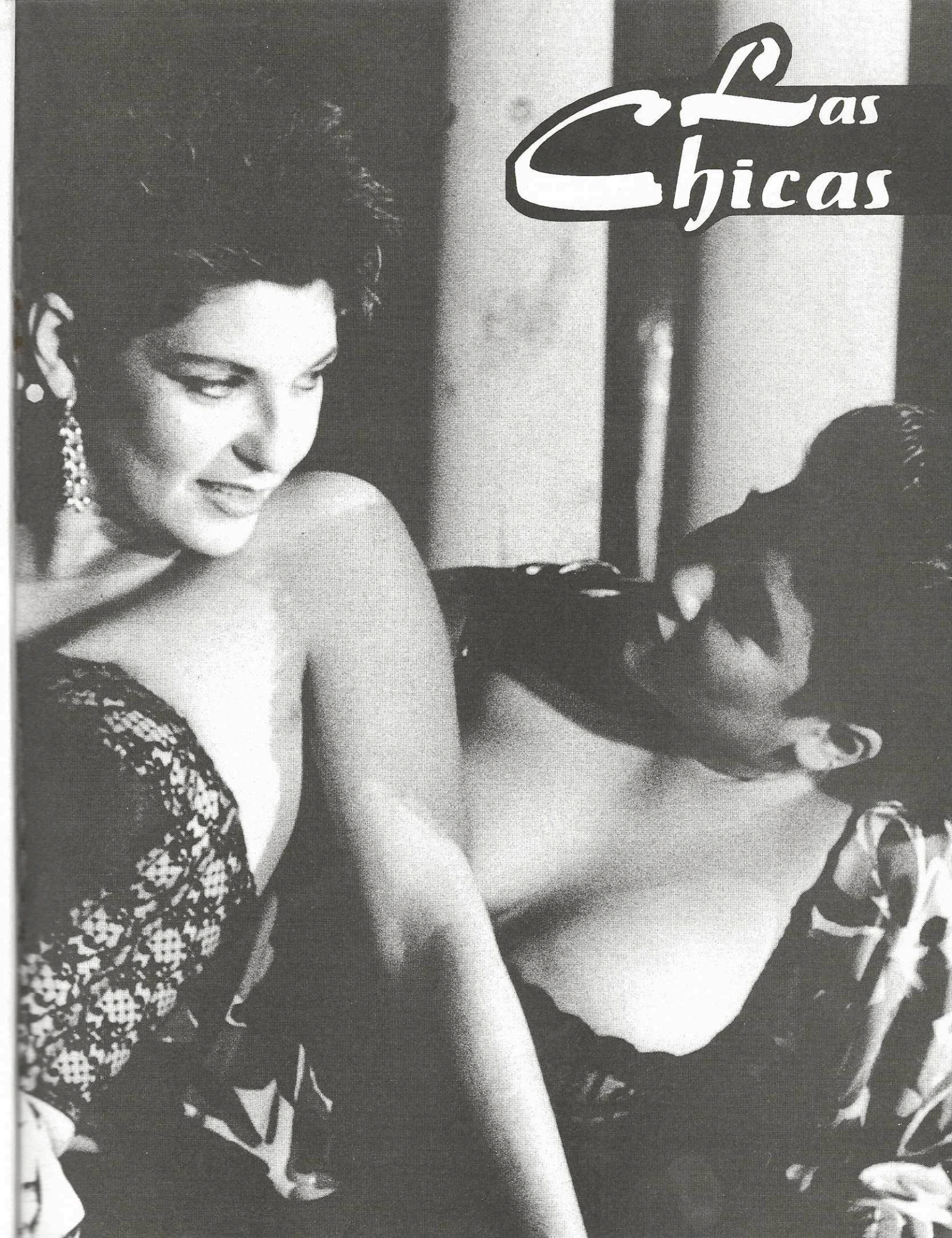
Right now, I'm very excited about this new videotape, and feel good about being on the cover of *On Our Backs*. I've come to terms with being who I am and people can perceive me however they want to, because they will anyway.

Although the lesbian community has really changed a lot in the last ten years, since I first started being 'one of those', I don't really want to be called a lesbian unless I'm in the mood to be called a lesbian. Some people are going to call me a lesbian stripper or a lesbian performer,

*(continued on page 42)*



*"Martin, he's the kind of straight guy who would get a blow job from another guy at a roadside stop."*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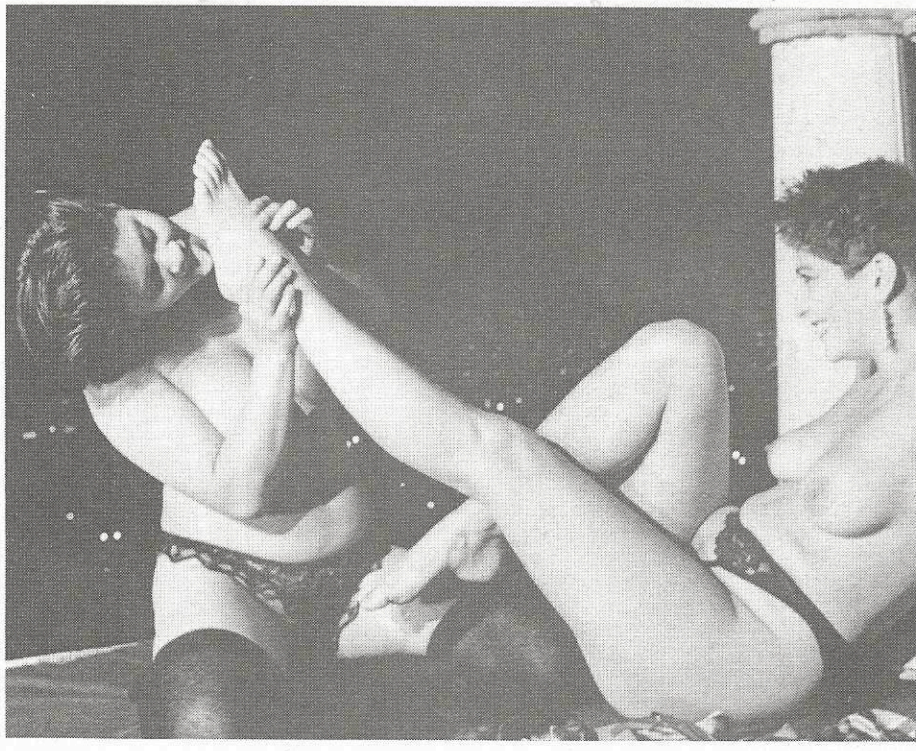
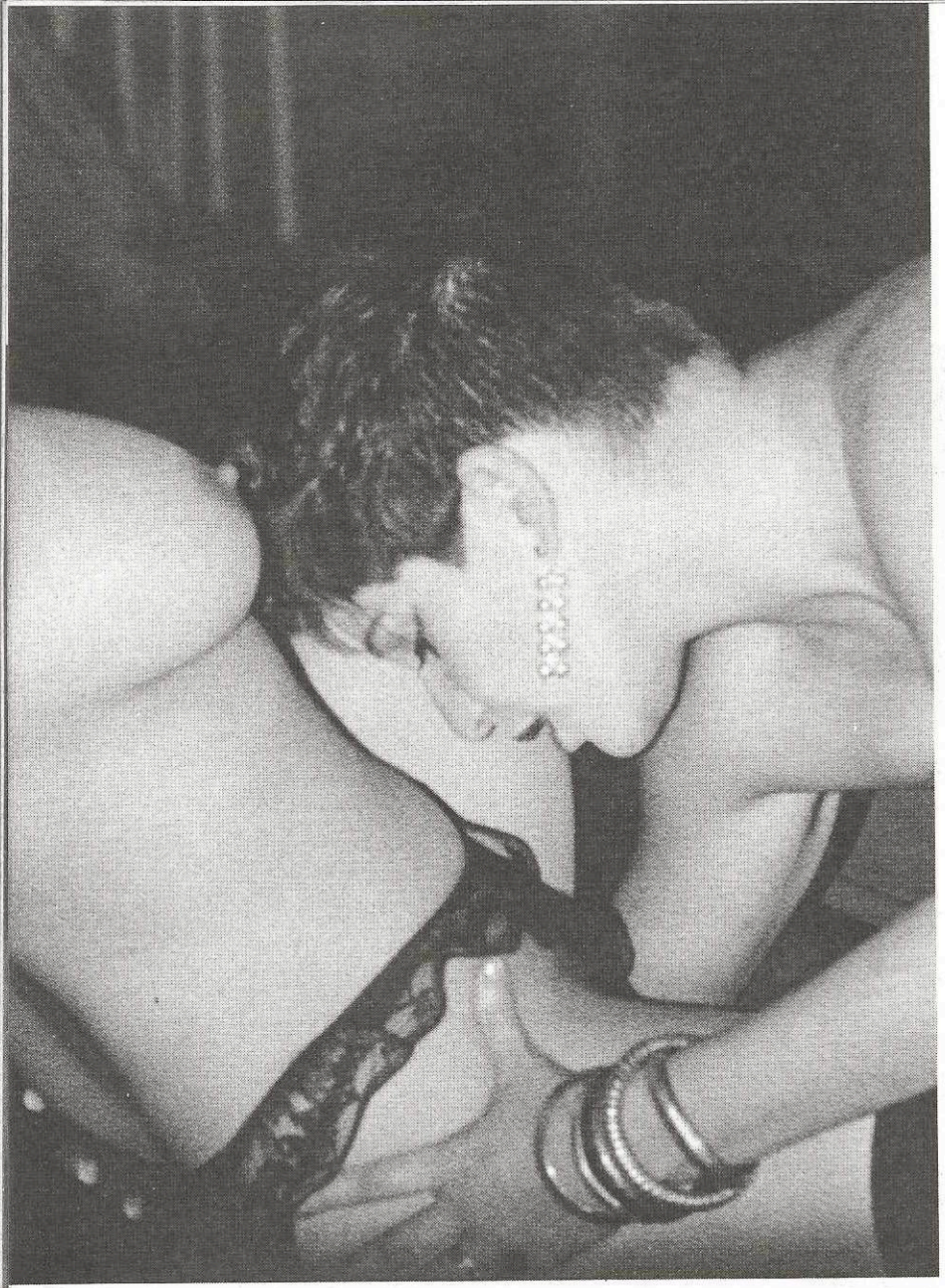
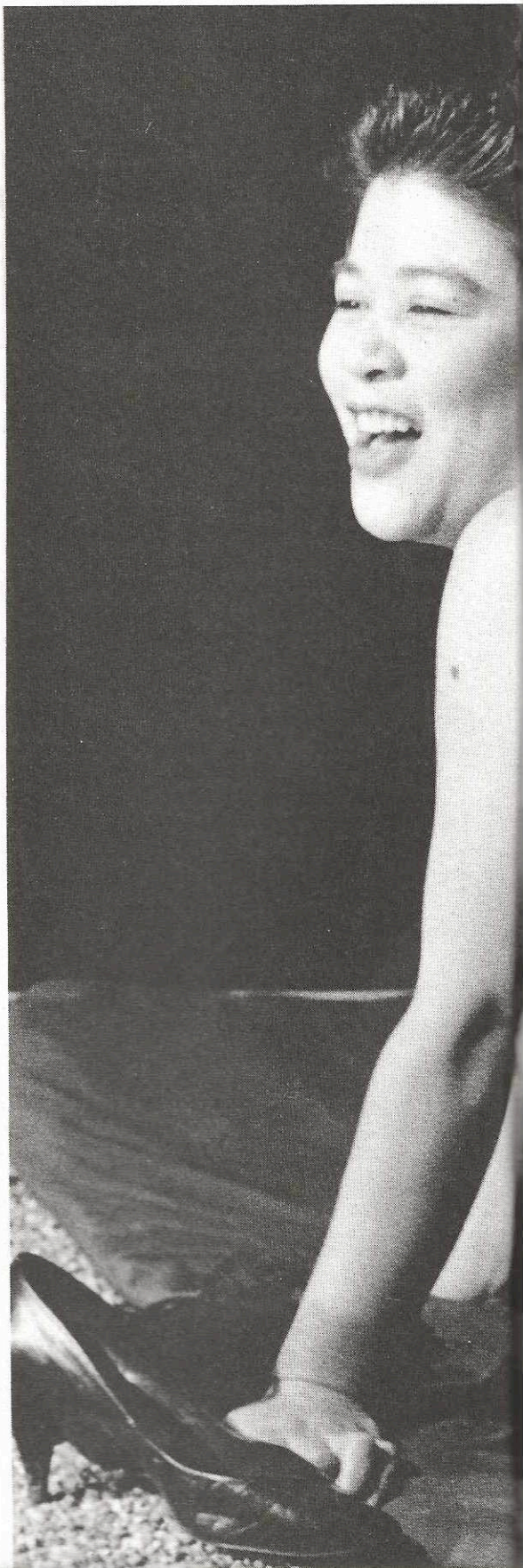


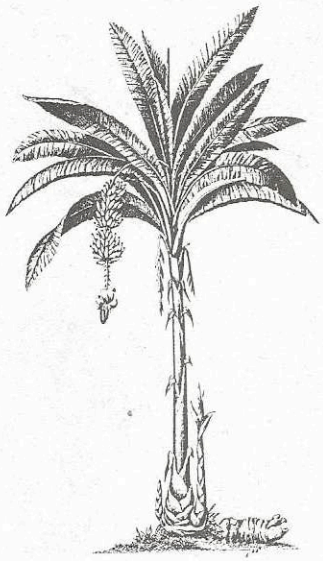




photography

# Myra Fourwinds

# Pacific Journal



story by
Arwen Bryan-Adams

photo
Tee Corinne

"No well-bred Victorian lady is thought capable of such prurient sensations."

## 5 January 1872

We arrived on this uninhabited but luscious island only two days ago, and already the two porters have erected crude dwellings for my husband, John, and myself. With the temperate climate and lush vegetation, we will be able to remain here for the weeks — or months — necessary to complete John's investigations into the volcanic rock formations in this tropical paradise. Since John and the porters leave early each day to explore the mountains, I am left to enjoy the more hospitable but deserted areas of the island: its fresh water pools, horticultural extravagances, and its loneliness. I hereby resolve to keep a journal of my time here, to record my observations and meditations on this gorgeous and barbarous retreat.

My marriage of five years has settled into quiet indifference on either side, a not uncommon phenomenon, no doubt, among the better "society" marriages. It was the excitement of adventure, rather than any attachment to my spouse, which possessed me to accompany John. My writing and his studies keep us respectively and separately engaged; I therefore welcome this divorce from the civilized world where so many obnoxious courtesies of marital life are expected of us both.

## 12 January

I have this day made the most wondrous and astonishing discovery, of far more consequence than any of John's erstwhile paleolithic revelations of hard rocks. I cannot contain my pleasure and wonder, but I resolve to commit my anthropoligical amazement to these silent pages, until further information decides me how to proceed in this most unusual circumstance.

I have, for the past week, conducted my own solitary expeditions within the dense forests of this isle, noting from afar the cries of wild creatures too timid to come within my range, and thrilling to the untamed beauties of flora exploding all about me. My favorite spot is a breathtaking glade, in which the fresh waters springing from mountains on the far side of the island descend pell-mell over a rock shelf to create a gentle waterfall which plays among flat boulders smoothed over time into a satiny surface by the waters. The pool created by this waterfall is an idyllic spot with lush vegetation, a favorite habitation of varied creatures — small species of simian, non-poisonous reptiles, and birds of brilliant plumage.

The air there is heavy with the perfumes of foliage and flora, the tangy musk

(continued on page 35)

# Indelicacies

**BY**
**SERENA MOLOCH**

**photo by Annie Sprinkle**

**Monday morning Hollywood office: a sticky summer day.**

"So, what have you got for me this time, Malone?"

"What have I got for you?" Malone swivelled sharply in her chair and pointed at me dramatically. "What have I got for you, Delancey? Baby, have I got something for you!"

"What have you got for me, Malone?" I asked patiently.

She clasped her hands together enthusiastically. "What we've got here, Delancey, is a lonely lady, a very lonely lady, but a lovely lady, a lady pining for attention, a lady who craves a little discipline now and then — nothing strenuous, nothing exhausting, a great set–up, take my word for it. Luxurious surroundings, your own mink sheets, only the best for you, Delancey. A lovely deal."

Malone was very pleased with her pitch. She was my agent. She'd gotten me jobs before, serving Hollywood's decrepit finest. I'd thrown rotten tomatoes at an aging cowboy and spurred him to lick the floor clean. I'd kneaded dough on a hoary character actor's stomach and made him shove it up his ass. I'd licked and sucked an 80–year–old pin–up girl's breasts for hours (she called them her bazooms), and I'd strapped on a leather dildo and bucked my way to high heaven with a rambunctious, chain–smoking 50–year–old dish who had more Oscar nominations under her belt than she had vibrators in her drawer. Malone always got me good deals. Room and board were included and tips tended to be lavish.

I'm your basic butch Barbie doll — angelic features which I never make up, blonder than blond hair in a crew cut, a voluptuous figure kept under trim, tailored wraps. I'm a wanderer, a drifter — I roam from town to town and all that jazz. I like to drive, I like to drink, I like to fuck. When I need to make some money, I touch base with Malone.

That afternoon I headed over to the address she'd given me. I sauntered through the security gates and walked up to the door of what looked like a Swiss Miss chalet. My client was well–known for having done nothing but acquiring lots of husbands and dogs. Most of her husbands, like she herself, were scions of decayed Eastern European nobility. She'd only had a minor acting career — I'd seen her in an epic lizard flick when I was a tot — but she had a major reputation. Be-

tween the sibilant accents and the piercing canine barks, she managed to make a lot of noise wherever she went; no one knew what Zizi did, but everyone knew who Zizi was.

I couldn't wait to meet the dogs.

Zizi answered the door herself, a vision in fluff and flesh. Her bleached hair crowned her creased, pink face and her tight silk slip revealed her roundness: soft neck, lovely curvy arms, full melon breasts straining at the bodice, the top half of her nipples visible, the bottom half pushing through. Cleavage that could keep your hands hot forever. Her hips swelled deliciously and I could already imagine how buttery smooth her ass would feel under my hands. I looked down at her feet: they were bare and her toes squirmed constantly.

"Dahling," she crooned, "so very happy to see you. Entrez, entrez." She stepped aside to let me in and I saw that she had a powder puff in her hand. She giggled and looked at me coyly as she began to powder her breasts; they were maddeningly big and pearly and I sensed that I would get more and more irritated until I was able to fondle them. She tried to powder my face with the puff; I'm not the kind of woman you try that on.

"Don't do that," I growled.

My orders had been that she liked a little roughhouse, so I grabbed her powder puffing arm and pinned it behind her back. She whimpered a little and mashed her breasts against me while she ground her cunt into the knee I had jammed between her legs. I pushed her pinned back arm towards me and kissed her, hard. She responded by darting her tongue in and out of my mouth like a silverfish, then lolling it around mine like a cobra. She tasted half of vodka tonics, half lemon meringue pie. She pulled her face away and cooed, "Dahling, come into my boudoir. I want to introduce you to some lovely friends of mine."

I let go and followed her up the central staircase which curved off into two wings. I watched her shimmering butt sway cozily from side to side as we veered to the right and entered her pink–and–cream colored bedroom. Layers and layers of furry white carpets were strewn over the floor and an enormous circular bed with a pink heart–shaped canopy dominated the room. There were mirrors everywhere: on the walls, above the bed, and in tiles on the floor near the dressing table. In the middle of the bed stood a white wicker basket. The pointed, coiffed faces of two nervous, panting white dogs peered above its edge.

"Dahling," said Zizi grandiosely, "may I introduce you to Duchess and Femmy."

I didn't care to inquire as to which was which. I strode over to the bed and played at being gentle with them. "Why don't you come over here and get comfortable, honey?" I said, patting the pillow next to me. She pattered over to sit next to me and began running her hand up and down my crotch. I noticed that two of her fingernails were filed short while the other three were dragon length. I picked her hand off me and tossed her back, edging her towards the head of the bed.

"You wanna play a game?" I asked, smoothing the back, then the front of my hand against her face and neck.

"What kind of game, dahling?" she fluttered. She kept trying to put her arms around me. I kept pushing them away.

"You tell me. What kinds of games do you like to play? There's kidnapping, nursery school, Fanny Farmer, arresting officer, old maid, Candyland, sisters, prison girl attack..."

"Oh, yes, prison, prison!" She clapped her hands and bounced up and down like a Transylvanian Shirley Temple. "Zizi wants to play prison!"

"Okay, baby, you call the shots, whatever game you want." I took hold of the back of her head by her hair. "You're the new girl on Cell Block Z, see, and I'm going to introduce you to your new gal pals. Myname's Linda. Lie down for me. Now." I shoved her down, straddled her tits and pulled two white handkerchiefs out of my back pocket which I used to attach her wrists to the bedposts. "That's my girl," I said, inching my way down her body until my hands were stretched out on her boobs. "That's my baby. You want to lie down for me, Zizi?"

She got all wide–eyed. "Yes, Linda, dahling, but..."

"But what? Are you my bitch or not? Who's the boss here?"

Her eyes opened even wider and her tits got even warmer. "Oh yes, Linda dahling, of course I am your...your..."

I yanked her nipples towards me. "My bitch, come on, say it, bitch, you're my bitch..."

"Yes dahling, I am that...that word."

"Don't get me mad," I warned. "Or I won't play with you anymore. Now repeat after me. I am your bitch."

"I am your bitch," she repeated humbly. "But Linda, I am so worried, about all these other women, they look so mean. You will protect your Zizi, won't you?"

"Protect you?" I cackled. She pretended to be dismayed at my lack of chivalry, but couldn't act well enough not to gurgle with pleasure as I kneaded and massaged her tits. I spread them apart, jammed them together, pinching the raspberry nipples between my thumb and index finger. I'd never felt anything so soft and so solid — and I'd felt up a lot of women in my day.

"You're going to lie down for all the girls in Cell Block Z if I ask you to. You're going to attend occupational therapy and make ceramic tile ash trays for my Great Aunt Margaret if I request it. And you're not going to do it because you like arts and crafts baby, and you're not going to do it because I say pretty please with sugar on top — you're going to do it because..." I yanked her tits again. "Why are you going to do it, babe?"

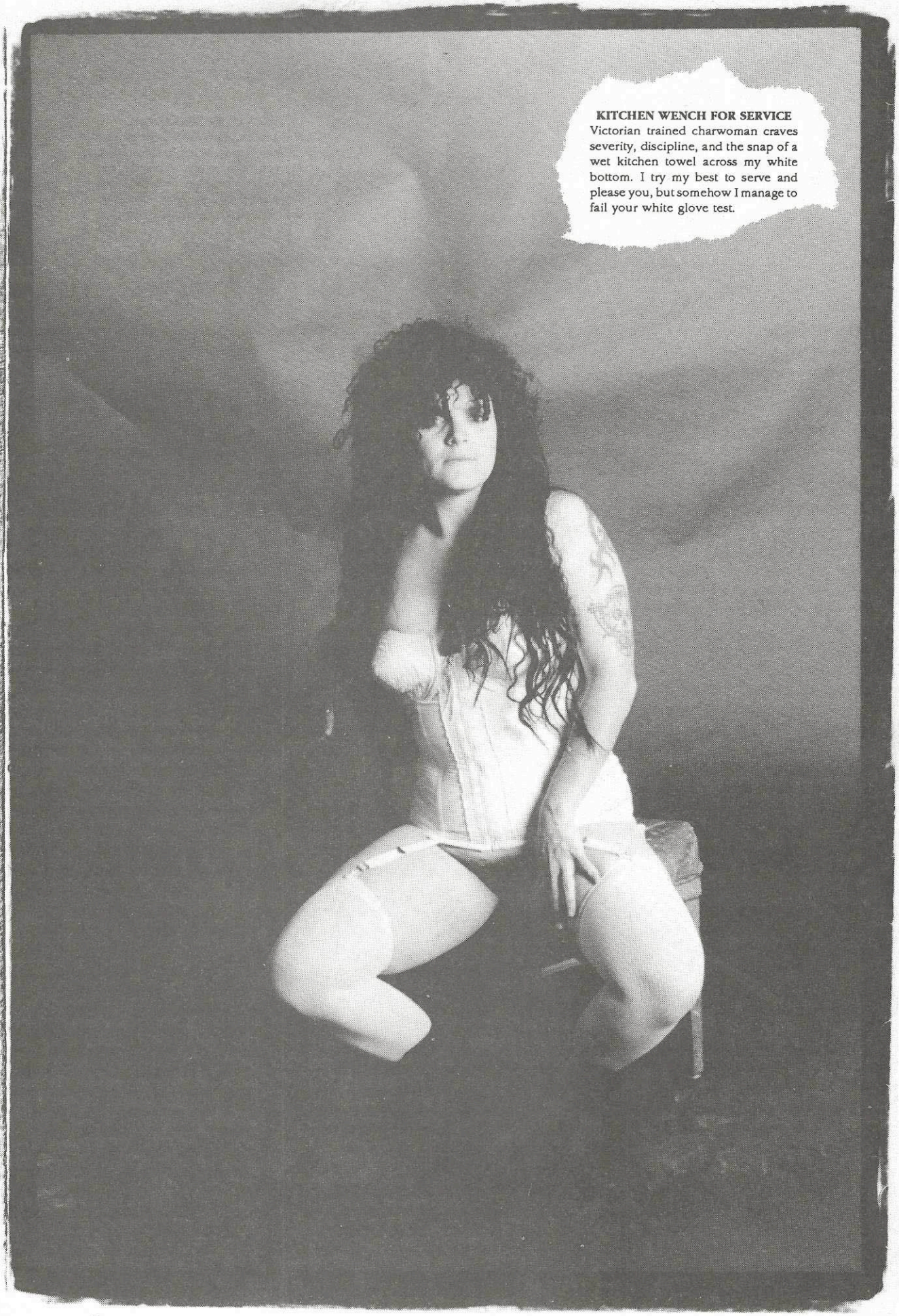
She sighed and said lusciously, "Because I am your bitch, dahling."

"That's better." I slapped her rump. "You're shaping up fine. So fine that I think you should meet some of my friends from Cell Block Z right now, meet them up close and personal." It was time to get down to business. I checked her out to see if she was ready. "You wanna play with your puppies?" I asked in a surly rumble, prodding her to lift her ass so that I could push her slip up to her stomach.

"Dahling," she nodded, relieved to find that I'd gotten my orders right, "nothing could please me more." *(cont'd on pg 40)*

*"Oh, yes, prison, prison!" She clapped her hands and bounced up and down like a Transylvanian Shirley Temple.*

DO YOU WEAR PLAID?
Smart and weird 100% lesbian seeks constant companion for passion and whatever. I like punk rock, lawn darts, Marxism and femmy sluts who skateboard.
3
Faces
of Kimo


KITCHEN WENCH FOR SERVICE
Victorian trained charwoman craves severity, discipline, and the snap of a wet kitchen towel across my white bottom. I try my best to serve and please you, but somehow I manage to fail your white glove test.

FAG DYKE SEEKS SAME
Hot bitches that know how to fuck and can take it as hard as they give it. Are you ready to bear skinned knees servicing my snap-on tool? My mouth is getting wet and ready to slip up your dirty back door.

photography ~ **Jessica Brooke Tanzer**

of animal life — the constant sound of running water makes the syncopated squawks of cockatoos and playful apes more melodic.

I rested there today, removing my bodice and loosening my stays in the midday heat. I soon removed my skirts as well — no doubt this would be extremely shocking to my contemporaries should they ever scan these pages, but the vicissitudes of tropical climates do not always permit modern niceties to be observed. I reclined on a soft bank of ferns, watching the hypnotic effect of the waterfall, when suddenly a large shadow emerged behind it and assumed human form as it erupted through the sheet of water.

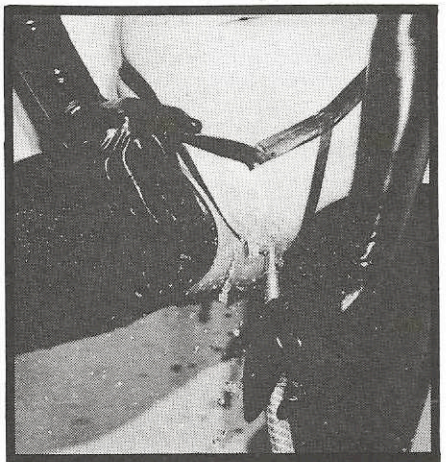
It was a girl, or rather, a young woman — though radically unlike any human creature I had ever laid eyes on. Dressed in a ratty pinafore more appropriate for a child of ten, she could have been anywhere between 17 or 18 and her early 20s — that she was mature was evident, I blush to say, since the development of her breasts and the hair covering her sex was all too clear in her ill–fitting attire. She moved with a cat–like grace, even on all fours at times, but always nimble and feline, utterly lacking the stiff posturing, pretentiousness and affected airs of her "civilized" counterparts. I was stunned into silence and in the next few moments made sure of my cover, as I did not know how violent the creature might become on sighting a human form. Or smelling one.

Her fair skin, light brunette hair, and her dress told me she was of European descent; whatever her subsequent fortunes, she was not native to these regions like the coffee–skinned porters. Whatever the deficiencies of her wardrobe, she did at least have access to a sharp instrument of some description, since her hair was cropped bluntly just above her ears. I was breathless with her beauty and strength — I had never seen a mature woman, untouched by the debilitating effects of English society, in her natural and purist expression. She moved and stretched with a full enjoyment of her own supple muscularity, developed no doubt, from the physical rigour required of her life alone on this island. I experienced an intensity, a flush in the face, a sensation in my bowels, that was new to me, as if this vision of womanhood living in such proximity with natural animal life had brought out something of the beast buried deep within my own nature. I tasted a salty tinge of fear in my mouth and found it oddly delicious.

Without any self–consciousness, this lovely creature clambered and leapt among the rocks and flat boulders where the waters fell. Standing beneath them, she held her breasts before the spray, cupping her hands around them roughly. I felt a warm wetness suddenly emerge between my legs — an experience so foreign to me that I thought for a moment that I must have lost control of my bladder. No well-bred Victorian lady is thought capable of such prurient sensations, even in the performance of her marital duties, let alone in the voyeuristic observation of a member of her own sex! But I found the urge to caress my own hardening nipples irresistible. Imitating her rough caress, I soon felt a penetrating twinge which was echoed in my vulva. I was witnessing a rarity, a woman raised without any prudery or bodily constraint, having as she must no contact with modern culture, isolated here to learn the potential of her own body from the creatures she observed about her and her own experimentations. Having witnessed for myself the vocal and unrestrained copulating of the apes, and the fierce reproductive instincts of the natural world, I wondered how this animality would be manifested in her.

But this wild one seemed to have carnal proclivities unknown to beasts. I watched in amazement and confusion as she lay down on a high, flat boulder where one delicate spray from the waterfall shot down in a straight perpendicular line and rebounded from the surface of the smooth rock with dancing effusion. She situated herself eagerly beneath this natural fountain, her knees apart, her short skirts about her waist. I flushed deeply as I realized she had placed her sex under the spray, which was striking her vulva directly, creating a sensation which apparently made it impossible for her to lie still. She spread her legs ever wider, and began a rhythmic thrusting of her pelvis into the spray.

My pantalets were soaked; my very flesh was burning with vicariously induced pleasures unlike any I had ever imagined. I had never touched my own genitalia erotically before — certainly my husband's dutiful ministrations had never aroused anything like this tension — and, as I watched her gyrations grow wilder and heard her groans grow more audible, I could not resist an impulse to loosen the drawstrings of my pantalets to grope in regions now pulsating and pungent with juices. My hand met a spot of hard



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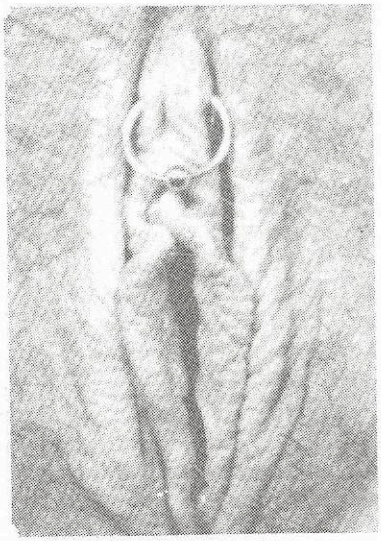

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Author Jane Handel
Illustrated by Eva Garcia

## Swimming on Dry Land: The Memories of an Ascetic Libertine

Jane Handel
Spiderwoman Press, 1990

*Swimming on Dry Land: The Memories of an Ascetic Libertine* describes a dark, passionate search for a higher spiritual ground through extensive sexual exploration. An autobiographical novella, this is Handel's first work to emerge from her own Spiderwoman Press. Printed in a limited edition of 200, each copy features a red wax spider hand stamp and is signed by both the author and the illustrator, Eva Garcia.

As the title suggests, this book is about being determined to do the impossible, or maybe just the unheard of. "Knowledge was worth the price one had to pay," Handel writes, "even if that included kissing Death right on his putrid gaping mouth."

For Handel, this knowledge could be acquired by having sex with as many men and women of every race, age and description as she possibly could. But this is not a sensational account of her jumps from bedroom to bedroom or some flowery erotic prose about how carefree sex in the 60's was. It expresses the futility and the sorrow that comes with giving your sexual self without reciprocation.

The most powerful element of *Swimming* is the transformation of sex into a pagan sacrament. Handel refuses to play Eve as the snake and wraps her lust right around the ankles of Judeo-Christianity.

"She began to stockpile mortal sins. What was one more? Yet another French kiss wouldn't matter. She became an atheist. Kisses of every description became her blessed sacrament."

Handel's style is poetic, sensual, and intoxicatingly introspective. But her cynical humor cuts the cord when the words get too heavy. $45.00 – 772 Oak St, San Francisco, CA 94117. — *Lisa LaBia*

## Virago

by Karen Marie Christa Minns
Naiad Press, 1990.

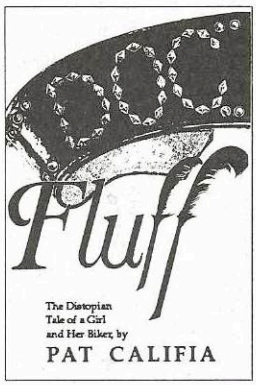
Minns has published more erotic fiction in *On Our Backs* than any other author, including "Ginny at Tea" which established her as a readers favorite in 85, "Detention", "Final Sitting", "Etudie Erotique" and most recently "The Saddlemaker." Unlike many writers who eschew the notion of lesbian romance, Minns is genuinely gifted at delivering believable lavender prose that tugs at the clit as well as the heart. *Virago* looks like a vampire story but that's just the frosting for a wicked serial monogamy story. Not as explicit as her *On Our Backs* prose, *Virago* toys with S/M eroticism rather than actual enunciation: "The woman held her knee between Manilla's legs, forcing them wider apart...she was swollen wet open — against her will, but ready, ready for this stranger." Read this one in bed with a big box of chocolate covered cherries. — *Susie Bright*

## Men Confront Pornography

Edited by Michael S. Kimmel
Crown, 1990

OK, the title is a little precious - "My aren't you brave boys!" — but the content is quite intriguing for those following the fast-changing landscape of sexual politics. Traditionally, men's response to feminist porn critique has been either: "God help us, We're so ashamed" (liberals and Jimmy Swaggert) or "Fuck off and leave us alone" (unrepentant pornophiles).

In this collective confrontation, we have a good measure of anguished chapters like "How Porn Shackles Women and Oppresses Men", but also less pathetic criticism surrounding the double standard that still sticks up for the power of sexual fantasy. Richard Goldstein, senior editor for the *Village Voice*, is the only one who gives a couple of fabulously filthy porn scenarios, one straight and one gay, then comes up with some provocative analysis. David Steinberg discusses the wretchedness of male guilt and the mediocrity of commercial pornography, while the most nakedly informative piece, "Interview with a Rapist" reveals the details of one man's tragic confrontation with sexuality and violence: "Q. And if you had not walked in and seen a porn movie that day, would you have raped? A. Something was going to happen one way or another. I probably would have murdered." — *S.B.*




## Doc and Fluff

Pat Califia
Alyson Publications, 1990

The woman who made "macho slut" a household word, Pat Califia once again strikes her iron in the fire, this time with a novel about a 21st century biker gang who can't control their bulldyke drug dealer Doc, nor her new girlfriend Fluff, who was once the property of the gang's President. Califia dishes up porn without compromise. Hard fucking, pissing, licking, and dirty talking fill the first chapter. Her greatest gift in this fantasy fiction is a determined lesbian approach to sex, no matter what sex is doing the fucking. What's detracting, however, is the structure of the novel itself. It carries more subplots than the last decade of *All My Children* and will drive any reader to exhaustion or exasperation. Califia, like Scherazzade, has 1001 fascinating tales to tell, but they can't all fit in one book. No dyke will want to miss this, but there's no guarantee she'll finish it. — *S.B.*

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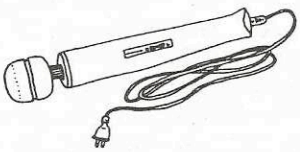
## Toys



**Hitachi Magic Wand**: Our most popular vibrator, hands down, this plug-in model has 2 speeds and a soft vinyl head. #E001, $40.00

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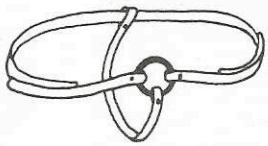

**Wonder Rope**: Four feet of flexible vinyl, this vibrating rope was designed for back massage, but why limit yourself? 47" long, 1½" in diameter. Uses two C batteries. Blue, green or red. #B230, $28.00

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## Books

***Herotica***, Susie Bright, editor. Erotic fiction that ranges from sweet to sleazy, written by women of all sexstyles. #X600, $8.50

***Serious Pleasure***, Sheba Collective, editors. A new anthology of lesbian erotic stories and poetry from a British collective. #X537, $9.95

***Coming to Power***, Samois. The classic collection of essays and erotica on the subject of lesbian s/m. #F138, $8.95

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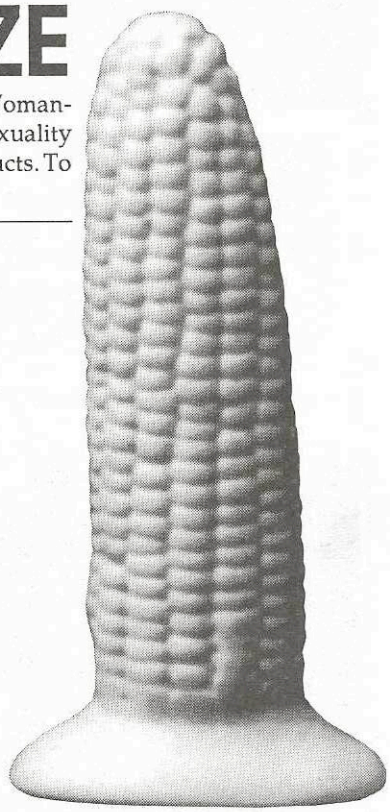

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throbbing engorgement, a locus of heat that my husband's clumsy manhood had never stumbled upon. Stifling my own, unexpected groans, I was soon thrusting uncontrollably at this tender centre of pleasure, and experienced my first sexual climax as the beautiful creature, performing for me unawares, let out a guttural moan from deep in her own belly.

We both lay still, panting in our separate releases, she with her hand resting between her loins. I realized she had done something no "cultivated" woman would ever dream of doing; she had penetrated herself. As I lay basking in my own warm juices, I , too slipped a finger into my slit, and felt the strength of my woman's muscles contracting steadily, deeply inside me. No wonder men long to invade our bodies, I thought, if they feel such power and warmth and security issuing from our wombs!

As soon as the feral one had taken a short swim, she returned to her hideaway behind the waterfall and I returned, here, to my bungalow. Now I must consider how, or rather, whether to "tame" the creature, how to gain her trust. Will she be frightened of her own kind? Do I wish to bring her back to the civilized world to live among decent people? The thought of her becoming an anthropological curiosity, surely her fate in the hands of a calculating opportunist — a label my own John must answer to, I fear — would be too horrible to contemplate. And the pleasure of this morning makes my flesh prickle anew with the merest recollection. I think I shall resolve simply to commune with this feral one myself, to earn her trust and discover her needs — even if it costs me whatever cultivated proprieties I came here withal.

**28 January 1872**

By careful and secret observation, I have determined that Feral's (for such is the name I have given her) home is indeed a large cave behind the waterfall. She has a small store of garments of varying sizes, and seems to prefer tattered chemises and pinafores appropriate for a ten or eleven–year–old girl. But I feel certain that these garments were not hers — her behavior convinces me that she has been shipwrecked since the age of five or six, with a motley assortment of human provision — it is a miracle that she washed ashore on an island so rich in edible vegetation and lacking carnivorous beasts. She has almost certainly been alone on this island for upwards of 15 years. Her short mane is unceremoniously and un-

evenly trimmed for convenience and looks like an ill–kept urchin's, albeit her inland pool keeps her clean. Her musculature is pronounced but not grotesque: she is, in a word, sleek. Her well–developed animal grace is endlessly enticing to me, unaccustomed as I am to seeing a woman's form without the encumbrance of bustle, corset, petticoats and other modern deformities. I now abandon my own corset each morning as soon as John departs, and take to the forest glades and Feral's pool each day in pantalets, boots and camisole, with my petticoat tied up cullotte fashion. I adore this newfound freedom of movement, recovering the natural shape and motions of my body.

But I cannot yet imitate hers, which often assumes stunning and animalistic forms and expression — her olfactory sense is slightly advanced, as she notices the droppings of the apes and traces their scent if she wishes to find them. If she smells the presence of a strange creature in one of her favorite places, she carefully wets the place herself to reestablish her territoriality, especially around her den, which I dare not approach. She sits on her haunches to eat, in obvious imitation of the agile monkeys, and looks comfortable in such an unladylike posture, although it exposes her most completely to my private and ever more libidinous spectatorship. Her store of underwear must have exhausted its appeal long ago, as the pinafore is her sole attire, and she sheds even that to swim.

Her breasts are firm and generous, and she is able to cup them in her hand and turn her own nipples up to her mouth to suck — an activity that seems particularly soothing to her, although witnessing this self–suckling is anything but pacifying to me. She has abandoned most vestiges of actual language, though she does have a startling whooping cry, which accompanies her bouts of exuberant running and leaping when she is at her most high–spirited — an activity in which she is often joined by the apes, whose trust she has apparently won, and who are her only companions. The rest of her communication consists of low, guttural sounds.

### 10 February

Today the breakthrough occurred in a manner I least expected.

I had ventured somewhat closer to the den, to a new hiding place behind a small boulder shrouded in foliage. The heat was unusually torpid; my clothes clung to me in the humidity. No breezes were stirring, which is one reason I felt safe in a hideaway near the den.

Feral wore the barest of her rags and soon lay stretched on the cool ground just outside her lair to nap. I too felt my head nodding and just as I drifted off, I remember the relief of a slight wind cooling my damp flesh.

I awoke to the thrilling apprehension that some cool, wet, silky reptile was sliding over the back of my knees. I barely stifled the scream rising up in my throat and looked over my shoulder. It was no snake in the grass; it was she.

She was crouched between my legs, savoring with her tongue the only bits of flesh revealed above my boot tops. She licked slowly and luxuriously, as if her find were something already safely possessed. As her tongue slid further up inside my bare thighs, my waking bladder thudded heavily within me, longing for release. I feared that any sharp sound might frighten her away or provoke her. I shifted slightly as if to raise myself, and found her full weight upon me in an instant, her teeth gripping the nape of my neck with unexpected sharpness. The terror of not knowing what she would do next was heightened by a shock of pleasure which shot through my spine into my genitals. Having asserted her dominance, she lapped energetically at my inner thighs, stopping only to indulge herself in the salty smells emanating from my loins. I allowed myself a quiet groan and she responded likewise, nudging her entire face within my petticoats, but meeting the obstruction of my pantalets.

She rolled me over on my back and her face changed from a concentrated possessiveness to something much softer when she saw my breasts clinging to my perspiration–soaked chemise. The heat of sleep and the moist ground had rendered my garment utterly transparent. Feral's eyes travelled to my face with a look of confusion and pain, and she struggled to form some long-forgotten word: "mmmmmine??" she asked wonderingly, and then joyously, "Mama!", the only signifier of human relations, perhaps, that she could recall.

But any restraint ended here, as she tore at my damp camisole. My attempts to restrain her only resulted in bites to my hands and arms. Sitting astride me, she soon had my bosom totally exposed. My cheeks burned with shame and passion, and the flush spread like hot lead to my very earlobes. By the time this tingling sensation reached my exposed nipples, so had her mouth.


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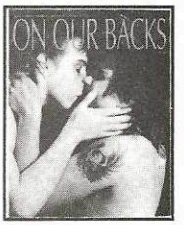


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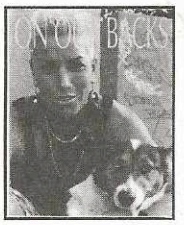


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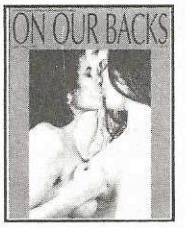


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She was not a gentle lover — her hunger for her own kind made her oblivious at first to tenderness and to the perversity of my gender. What was more startling to me was the wholesale affirmation of my own desires — as she lay her full weight upon me, belly to belly, her skin was glorious to the touch, and the force of her, bearing upon me, made my womb ache. She could not restrain herself, in her sucking, from nipping and nibbling at my erect nipples and engulfing the whole soft mass within her mouth. I was a meal to a starving woman.

My cooperation was a moot point by this juncture, as I was utterly incapacitated by her strong arms holding mine above my head. But even her strength could not stop my moans or the pitching of my groin — I had to thrust that heaviness in my core up against her strong pressure. This distracted her from her sucking and she dove between my legs, nestling her face deep in the soaked pantalets, inhaling deeply of my juices. Her breath penetrated my wet crotch, spreading into my wetness like a brush fire.

There was no hesitation left in me; the only sensation was of wanting to open myself completely, inside out; my engorged parts longed to be massaged, invaded, filled. At the same time, I was amazed that any human creature was actually touching me there, that she delighted so in the very juices which my husband would have thought nasty and unclean. I loosened my pantalets with shaking hands and she quickly rid me of them. My hands cupped her face for an instant as she bent over me, and I did what I had never done for John, opening my thighs wide to her, lifting my legs to give myself over to her possession, half fearing her wildness but also powerless to it.

Feral let the full width of her tongue rest on my open slit and slowly slide all the way between my parted lips to that hardened centre, throbbing with blood. But this one gesture of control was all she could muster. Gripping my bottom so roughly that her nails dug into my excess flesh, she pressed her tongue hard against me, licking with eager abandon as if she had not drunk for days. Like a thirsty young animal who cannot get enough, she soon began to suck every inch of my quim: the engorged lips, the slit, the swollen sex. Even my rectum, redolent with its own scents, was delicious to her hungry tongue and electrified by her touch. But the turmoil within me had one insistent urge that had not yet been answered. As I wavered on the edge of consciousness, all inhibition was lost and a sensation of hot wires spread from my cunt down the insides of my thighs to the very soles of my feet. My bum–hole was on fire, my thigh muscles were trembling uncontrollably, and I knew my climax could not be held at bay much longer. As my back arched, I thrust this gaping need into her strong hands and screamed two words I prayed she would comprehend: "Enter me. Enter me now. Go In!"

She did.

Moments later, her cheek resting on my belly, she listened to my uterus thud with satisfaction. Her fingers were still restless within me, and she emitted a low, continuous hum — the equivalent of a feline's purr. She looked directly into my eyes at long last with her slightly menacing dark brows and widely spaced gray eyes, and a deep bonding passed palpably around and through us, a primordial emotion that made our breath go shallow at once and set my teeth humming at their roots, as if my whole structure had been charged.

"Mine now, mine," she managed to articulate, stretching her lithe body on top of my sprawling form, her slippery cunt resting against my thigh. She sighed deeply and released a warm flood into my vulva and down the inside of my thigh. With this tempting prompt, my own forgotten bladder rose to meet my baptism by releasing my own pent up warmth. She nestled against my neck, content at last to soften. I was marked. I am hers.

I remembered then the "civilized" method of making the affections known, a practice she probably did not recall; turning her face to mine, I pressed my lips to hers in the sweet softness of a kiss. But we could not stay closed to one another, even then: seeking more wetness, our lips parted and her tongue slid inside for me to suck. With that, I knew that I had kissed "civilization" and its dubious charms farewell forever.

**10 February. Late evening**

Tomorrow John shall find my garments, rent and muddied, folded by the ocean's edge, a brief suicide note attached. We retreat inside her cavern to wait out the perfunctory search. We will not lack for occupation. The thought of tasting her for a lifetime thrills my whole being, and I shall continue this Sapphic journal to record our odyssey here, for some future, and, hopefully, more enlightened culture of explorers. Δ

## INDELICACIES *(continued from page 31)*

I gingerly lifted the pooches from the basket and held them up, one in each hand. "Zizi, these are the girls from Cell Block Z. You're going to party with them for Linda. This is Jill," I said, shaking one ball of fluff, "and this is Brenda," I said, rattling the other. "Say hi to the girls, Zizi."

"Hello, Jill," she murmured. "Hello, Brenda." I put them down on the bed. "Jill and Brenda" sniffed around for a bit and then went straight for the honeypot, like the well–trained love puppies they were. I leaned against the bedpost and pulled Zizi's leg up against my chest so that her toes were within my mouth's reach. I placed my hands around her heel and began to suck on her big toe just as the first sandpaper dog tongue rasped against her clit. She emitted a volley of sighs, and screams whose equal in volume and lasciviousness I had never heard before. I sucked harder, biting here and there, taking in more toes, freeing up one hand to caress her pulpy velvet calves, watching the dogs vie to push their snouts into her cunt and lap voraciously at her clit. She strained against the hankies and pumped her billowy ass up and down, watching herself in the mirror above the bed as she continued to make three women's worth of noise. She wanted nothing more than to run her hands over her tits and shove some of her fingers into her cunt — and not being able to was driving her wild. She groaned deeply and worked it up into a shriek, "Dahlings, suck, suck, suck..." I grabbed her thighs and squeezed them as I sucked harder on her toes until finally she rapped out hoarsely, "Fuck me, you dahling bitches, fuck me, fuck me." I let her foot drop and pulled the dogs away.

Her cunt glistened like a fresh escargot and her eyes were as glazed as honey–dipped donuts.

I undid the restraints and massaged her wrists. "Dahling, that was simply divine," she said, pulling my hands to her tits and rubbing herself against them. "Would you like to take a little nap while I have my lunch? I'm on a diet, you know, and I can eat only cottage cheese and raw carrots. And you know, dahling," she said, running her long nails up the backs of my hands, "if you catch me cheating, you must punish me."

"Oh don't worry," I reassured her. "I will." She got up, the dogs followed her out, and I turned over and caught 40 winks in that silly furry bed.

When I awoke I ambled down the

stairs towards the dining room. The door was closed; I pushed it open, revealing my little cream puff in the very act of stuffing chocolate covered cherries into her mouth. Red juice was running down her chin and her mouth was gnawing on the melting chocolate shells. Her hands flew up to her feathery white hair when she saw me.

"Oh Daddy," she whimpered, visibly trembling, "don't be mad at me, dahling."

I grinned evilly. So now I was Daddy, huh? I hadn't been warned about that. I'd been called lots of names in my time, but never Daddy. I moved over to the table and closed her hand hard over the chocolates, feeling them crunch and watching the syrup ooze out from between her fingers. I took her fist and made her gently punch herself in the chin.

"I thought you were on a diet, Zizi."

"Daddy..."

"Shut up. I thought you were on a diet. You've been a very bad girl. Now you're going to have to tell me what I should do to you." I kept making her punch herself gently. I was holding back an enormous rage — I couldn't wait to wallop her big smooth butt. "Come on, sweetheart, tell me what I should do to you."

"Oh Daddy," she said shyly, "I'm sorry. You're going to have to punish me now, dahling, and I know it makes you sad to spank your little girl. But I'll be good now, dahling, see?" I let go of her and she scrambled down from the chair and draped herself across it, pulling her slip up with her chocolate stained hands and jiggling her marbled buttocks obediently. "See how good I am now, Daddy? Now you can punish me as hard as you want so that I'll be a good little girl from now on." She turned her head and rolled her black–rimmed eyes at me imploringly. "Please spank me, Daddy. It's the only thing that will make me good." Her ass quivered like jelly around a rim of paté. I pulled a glove out of my shirt pocket and smoothed it on.

I liked to see her grovel. My cunt twitched as I watched her ass squirm. I grabbed her shoulders and pulled her up. "Not like that," I said. "Over my knee." I sat on the chair and she gabbled, "Yes Daddy dahling, whatever you think is right, over your knee, yes, see, now you can punish me just right." Her stomach lay over my thighs, her breasts grazed my pants, her legs flailed around as I stroked her ass with one hand and held her head back by the hair with the other. I moved my legs apart, so that she sank down and

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her ass spilled over, and began to ease my hand down into her crack.

"Spread for Daddy," I said, as I grabbed a couple of chocolates from the table. "It's time to play Fanny Farmer." She followed my orders and I began to stuff the chocolates up her twat from behind. I pushed chocolate after chocolate in: ones with creamy centers, ones with cloying liquid insides, truffles that were like spun air all the way through. I got her thoroughly filled and lathered, moving my fingers round and round and feeling all the melted, molten juices run out of her and down her thighs, down my gloved hand, onto my arm. I smeared the chocolate mix onto her flaxen pubic hair and over her clit until she resumed her moans and groans, fluttering, "Daddy, oh Daddy," sweetly enough to make my heart break. I pulled my hand away suddenly and raised it high above my head so that I could bring it down hard and sharp. I slapped her across the crack, up and down, bridging the two marshmallow buttocks, watching them turn gooey chocolate and crimson red. Then I set to work in a different direction, one cheek at a time, alternating smacks, giving each cheek its own spanking. I whacked her so hard that the staccato beats almost drowned out her cries.

"Stop Daddy, stop. I'll be good."

It felt good to wallop that resilient expanse, and I could tell from the chocolate flood gushing out of her cunt that it felt even better to her. When I felt her skin burning through my glove, I knew it was time to stop. I went back to stroking the slippery mess up and down her ass and then delved back into her cunt, thrusting delicately at the entrance, sliding up to her engorged clit, then thrusting again until she arched and shuddered. Chocolate came out of her in spasms.

Zizi raised herself up and slid off me to kneel on the floor so she wouldn't get me too dirty. She peeled her slip back down and I removed my glove and dropped it on the table. "What do you say to Daddy, Zizi?"

"Thank you, Daddy dahling," she said, dimpling up prettily. I leaned over and kissed her on the nose. "Daddy's got to go now," I said.

I found the bathroom and washed up, then made my way back to the hallway where I saw two 50 dollar bills lying on a table, anchored by a foil–wrapped heart–shaped chocolate. I picked up the money and left the chocolate, opened the door and walked out into the sticky Hollywood afternoon. Δ

## SHELLY MARS *(continued from page 22)*

and that used to really push my buttons. I'd say 'Don't call me that! I'm an actress!' And now I don't care.

**LL**: What made you change your mind? For a long time you were reluctant to sign a release for the Martin footage or to be associated with *On Our Backs*.

**SM**: Last year I went through a phase. I wanted to be a performer in the mainstream and to please everybody. Then I realized, 'Who am I anyway?' No one knows who I am. I've been in one stupid movie and I have to do what I believe in and not care what people think.

My homophobia— that's why I was afraid to be in *On Our Backs*. But the Lydia Lunch piece (Jan/Feb 90) really turned me on. I could relate to that.

**LL**: Homophobia? Are you scared of yourself?

**SM**: (laughs) I always wanted to be a star. The homophobia comes from wanting to be accepted. I listened to other performers' homophobic trips and it affected me. Also, meeting major Hollywood agents and seeing how homophobic they were rubbed off on me. Like I better stay in the closet or I'll be fucked! Not to mention my association with those *lesbians*. I was scared. I know I'm not the only one who feels this way.

I'm an artist, and what does it matter if I'm a lesbian or not? In Hollywood, do they say 'This is a heterosexual performer?" But they'll definitely label you as gay. And what if I change my mind? I've been with men, so am I a bisexual performer? It's a very confusing issue. I didn't want being labeled a lesbian to keep me down.

**LL**: I think that people make the assumption that if you're a gay artist then your art will only deal with gay issues. But in your case, your art does deal with lesbian issues.

**SM**: Right, I deal with it because it's part of my life, but it's not about being a lesbian. It comes from my own experience, so some of it's lesbian and some of it's hetero and some of it's gay, and some of it's about dogs. I guess that's why I have trouble with that word *lesbian*.

There are so many different kinds of people. And I've seen too many people change their sexuality. Suddenly they're lesbian, then they're not, then they are. Have you ever seen the cover of *My Comrade/Sister* ? The cover article is called "Lesbians Who Sleep With Women"!

I've always thought of myself as a black homosexual trapped in lesbian's body!

**LL**: Maybe you're a heterodyke!

**SM**: Is that what they call it?

**LL**: Well, I read it in *Outlook*.

**SM**: God, I'll have to use that in my show.

**LL**: Have you ever done any fag characters?

**SM**: I'm working on playing some gay men. Years ago, I did this guy who was a real clone; mustache, hard hat, plaid shirt. Before the show I was riding around on my motorcycle and I was getting cruised! Now Katy and I are working on this gender thing where the actual costume is half man/half woman. I'll be going from gay man to straight man to gay girl to straight girl by just turning the side of my face.

Actually, Martin is kind of like a closet fag. He's the kind of straight guy who would get a blow job from another guy at a roadside stop. Or stick his cock through a glory hole and act like it never happened.

Last week I had him saying 'Hey, I ain't no faggot!' But I got some negative feedback. People wondered why I said it.

**LL**: Why did you say it?

**SM**: Because it makes people uncomfortable. I always wonder about people who have such an issue about fags. If you have to talk about them so much, what's going on?

**LL**: What are some of your other characters?

**SM**: The psycho Indian guru, Ricky Rama, who's into tantric yoga and an English punk rocker, Davey Dee. See, this is what I love about New York. Every kind of person right in your face! Especially that male energy. There's so many fucking *guys*.

Beyonda Dagger is this very positive sci-fi planetarian goddess, who gives people advice. I haven't done her for a long time, but what a fabulous costume! There's Missy S, Mistress S' stepsister, who's a politically correct lesbian feminist poet. Missy S performs at The Tilted Ovary Cafe and reads things like 'Come with me woman lover and let us shed the lining of our uterus in this cleansing purifying blood ritual!' 'People wearing perfume on that side,' and 'Please be sensitive sisters'. She doesn't like men too well, but she's dealing with it.

Mistress S has been around for eight years. I tried to make her more real in *Unchain my Heart*, even though she's campy. I try to show that this is a person who doesn't like her job, and it is a job for many people. Being a dominatrix.

**LL**: So does the "S" in Mistress S stand

for Shelly?

**SM**: Yes.

**LL**: Did you ever work as a professional dominatrix?

**SM**: No, I never did. I've done a few scenes that I've gotten paid for, but I was never a mistress in training.

**LL**: How did you get involved in S/M?

**SM**: I was curious. And Mistress S wanted a leather harness. So I started going to the Samois meetings and the play parties. Mistress S was an exhibitionist at these parties; she was a top. I was more of a bottom. I still have an interest in S/M, but it's not my lifestyle.

**LL**: Were you doing something called S/M Body Work or S/M massage at the Sutro Baths?

**SM**: I did that at The Catacombs, or maybe it was Sutro...I can't remember. Anyway, I did a workshop for Samois. I used traditional massage techniques and yoga combined with role playing. Like twisting somebody's arm correctly, using the right pressure points when stepping on them, or putting them in suspension and massaging them. At the end, eight girls would work on one girl and I made sure that everybody did what I told them!

**LL**: What's your relationship with Katy? Are you friends? Lovers?

**SM**: Katy and I have been together for eight years, since we met in acting class. We live in a small apartment together, we work together, we do everything together. Yeah, we've been lovers although that's going through some changes now.

**LL**: You mentioned before, talking about inspiration for Martin, that you spend a lot of time hanging out in porno bookstores. Do you just hang out to do research or does porn turn you on?

**SM**: I really like porno. I love gay men's porno because it's so nasty and animal. I love the development of the scenes. I like locker room stuff and anything with black men. I also love bisexual porn. That's the ultimate. *Days Gone Bi* is worth watching.

**LL**: Why is sexuality your medium?

**SM**: The sexual thing is a real primitive part of who we are as people. There's something about sexuality that's so honest, like being naked. But I also think that it doesn't always reveal who you really are.

I've always been a real sexual person and interested in sexuality, even as a kid. Fetishes fascinate me. Why do people want to be shit on? Why do people want to be spanked? Why do people want to be humiliated? Why do people like girls? Sex is fascinating. Δ


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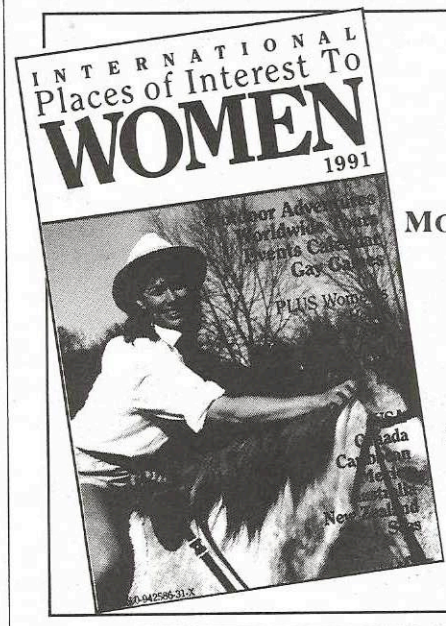


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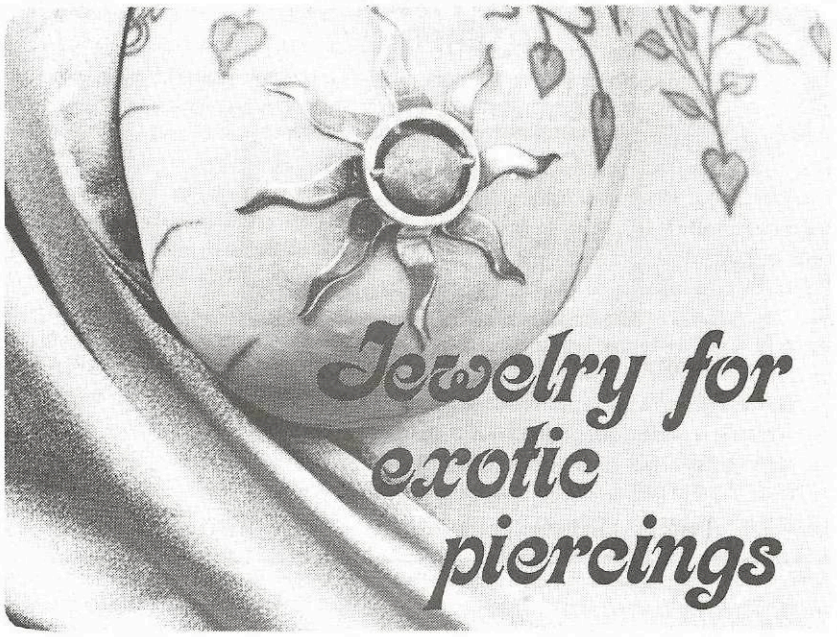


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## TOYS FOR US (continued from page 9)

for delivery preparation called *perineal massage.* Little did I know this was the textbook answer to my earlier "Toys For Us" question, 'Can I fist-fuck in the third trimester?' which I originally meant as a joke. Well, it's no joke. Perineal massage is designed to accustom a pregnant woman to relaxing and stretching her vaginal opening, which any lesbian with a three finger technique already has a head start on. The handout reads:

*"Dip your fingers into the oil and rub it into the perineum and lower vaginal wall...Your partner can use his (sic) index fingers. Put your fingers three inches into the vagina and press downward... in a sling type movement. Use enough pressure until the perineum just begins to sting from the tension you apply. You will later recognize this stinging sensation as the baby's head is being born and your perineum stretches around it."*

You will also recognize this "stinging sensation" as the ring of ecstatic tension when the fullest part of your lover's hand slips inside you. As I read my no-nonsense perineal massage pamphlet, I realized that a baby's head crowning is vaginal fisting turned inside out. Ten centimeters wide is ten centimeters no matter what. Of course, the baby's journey has more control factors than the average lovemaking session, and I'm not trying to make out labor as the ultimate sex act, but in a certain regard, *it is.* A woman is using all of her powers of genital relaxation, musculature and sexual vigor to get that baby moving. By "practicing" ahead of time with perineal massage and feeling in sync with these sexual sensations, when the doctor/midwife says PUSH, you'll know damn well what they're talking about.

Sexual intimacy and relaxation is a foundation of healthy pregnancy. I'm not talking about "three different positions you can have comfortable intercourse in", I mean learning about erotic capacities your body has never dreamed of. Squatting, getting down on all fours, yelling when you feel like it, and feeling yourself open like you've never been opened before—if that isn't sexual, then what is?

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**BOOK/VIDEO REVIEWER**

*On Our Backs* editorial department is seeking a freelance writer for book/video reviews. Must be able to provide succinct, insightful critique on sexually oriented material of interest to our lesbian audience. Contact Lisa La Bia, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114 or call (415) 861-4723.

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**SEATTLE AREA SUBMISSIVE SEEKS**
Femme bottom looking for butch top. I like to wear sleazy, slutty clothes for leather clad mistress. Into role playing, ass fucks, cutting, and servicing lesbian cock while on my knees. Fantasies include ice torture, public sex and rape. Wear a uniform while ripping lingerie from my body. If my pain is your pleasure Mistress, come make me mess my make-up, please. Box 683.

**SPANKING FETISH**
Femme slim attractive likes spanking scenes, can be top or bottom. Live Texas-Okla area, but will answer all. Box 684.

GWF, 28 seeking a top into light S/M, fisting and who enjoys taking control! Write & send photo, Texas. Box 685.

**PHONE FANTASY**
Attractive Bi Femme seeks same for "phone-fantasies". Let's talk "nasty" as we ride our vibrators. Send phone # and time to call and I will respond. It will be worth it! Box 686.

**ATTRACTIVE ENGLISH BUTCH TOP**
Visiting USA soon, permanent residence if meeting right female. Rubber leather lace hankies black blue red white lace needs attractive very femme bottom. Box 687.

**INCURABLE ROMANTIC**
Educated professional WF late 20's, attractive seeks classy attractive femmes 25-40 LA/ San Diego area for fun & friendship &/or possible serious relationship. If your musical taste runs from Siouxsie & The Banshees to Rachmaninoff & you enjoy dancing, warm candlelight dinners complete with sensuous massage, cycling, nude beaches, concerts & long deep kisses along with passionately reckless love making, then let this hot sensitive & sincere semi-butch spoil you rotten. Box 688.

**MIDWEST SEX CRAZED WOMAN**
Attractive blond, 5'8, WF, 39, into any type of sex that will turn another woman on. Just looking for fun and sex. Willing to travel. Box 689.

**YOUR PERFECT MISTRESS**
Dominance with no strings attached. I know how to create wild B/D S/M eroticism for your mind. I'll make you scream with extreme pleasure. Beautiful, demanding, sensuous, savage, WF lesbian goddess will train select females through exquisite correspondence into complete physical, mental and sexual enslavement. Intense humiliation & severe self-abuse under my capable direction. Limits will be greatly stretched. Closet submissives this is your chance. Don't just sit at home dreaming. I'll be the hottest secret in your life. You must be serious and prove desire with letter of introduction and a recent photo of yourself. Box 691.

**FOR YOUR PLEASURE**
I'm a submissive novice bottom, 35 years old, absolute femme, attractive, Aries, who seeks experienced top. Discretion necessary. Oakland area. Box 692.

**SEXY PEN PALS**
We are two horny monogamous lovers who want to spice up our sex lives. We want to fill the weeks between each issue of OOB with erotic correspondence from lesbian and bi-women both singles and couples. Box 693.

**SEATTLE ARTIST/PHOTOGRAPHER**
Seeks couples, singles, nude, clothed, all sizes, colors, ages, for erotic modeling. Box 694.

**HOT COUPLE/NYC**
Butch top/femme bottom: intelligent, good-looking, physically fit. Favor spanking, lesbian cocks, whipping, bondage and wanting another couple (or singles) for fantasy play. Box 695.

**BOTTOM BABY BUTCH**
NYC, tall round, stacked, eager, 27 seeks femme tops for safe initiation rituals. Couples, body worship, light s/m, role-switching, leather & fantasies is a plus, smoking, drugs, alcohol is a minus. Box 696.

**BEAUTIFUL BLONDE BI**
30, loves metal/rock, inner beauty, and people who can THINK. I'm a sexual outlaw—won't you eat a cheesecake slice of my life? Looking for a woman who can laugh, stay up late and who will sit on my face forever, a lady in the living room and a whore in the bedroom. XOXO. Box 697.

**OLDER IS BETTER**
Tired of masturbating alone? Me too! I'm a hirsute GBF 45 years young that gets hot to large breasts, spankings and wet games. Interested? Then write with photo. Box 698.

**BIG BEAUFTIFUL FEMMES ATTENTION:**
This sexy full-figured femme seeks your company. I'm single child-free and 100% lesbian. I can travel/relocate. My loves are clothes: being dressed, lingerie, make-up, bubble baths, romance, feminine women. My interests are the arts, theater, music, comedy clubs. Age/race/etc. unimportant. Will answer all who send photo and are serious. I will reply in the same manner. Write today! (I'm discreet.) Box 719.

**TALL IN THE SADDLE**
Cowgirl, 39, wants to ride long and hard in return for same. Roping, tongue lashing and branding possible in SF. JC, PO 836, SF, CA 94114.

**ATTRACTIVE OHIO BUTCH**
Cute, artist, 26, 5', 125 lbs., brunette, blue-eyed, ultra-feminist, seeking sincere beautiful fit femme for lasting relationship. Dislikes children. No drugs, smoking, heavy drinkers, pain or bi's. Interested in relocating to Southern CA. Letter, photo. Box 700.

**COURTING DANGER**
On the deepest level. An honest, open-hearted stone butch wants ultrafemme for ultimate contact. Now. PO Box 712003, Bunker Hill Station, Los Angeles, CA 90071-2003.

**MAIDSERVANT/SLAVEGIRL**
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**COUNTRY COMFORTS**
Voluptuous 40ish European blonde with experienced menagerie seeks partner, possible live-in to explore size, power, and primitive instincts. Midwest. Box 703.

**HANDSOME MASCULINE BUTCH**
Wants straight-looking, straight-acting femme. Objective: good, old-fashioned butch/femme sex. I wear the dildo, you receive it, and we both feel great. Monogamous, live-together preferred. No drugs or cigarettes. Box 704.

**SUBMISSIVE HOUSEWIFE(S) WANTED**
30 year old clean strong black butch requires a femme Oriental, Latin or White woman. No bi's. Preferably from outside NYC. Into motorcycles, body building, sex, loyalty, and protecting women. Send your sexiest photos, wildest dream and deepest secret. Box 705.

**SOPHISTICATED**
Duel, queen of verbal titillation, heavy fantasy, show & tell, toys, either way gender bending. Sassy, independent. Are you woman enough? Northeast. Box 706.

**CHICAGO AREA**
Hot femme wanted as leather slave girl for 2 horny single dykes. Sex on demand required along with degrading household duties. Please us, we'll please you. Send letter, photo. No bi's. Box 707.

**L.A. DADDY SEEKS FEMME**
Urbane Daddy seeks well-bred Daddy's girl for romance, banter, punishment and tenderness. Dalliance to include restraint, spanking, discipline, and your undivided devotion. Frequent travel to SF. Write to 8721 Santa Monica Blvd. #517, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

**WANTED: ATTRACTIVE HOT BUTCH**
Submissive GWF, 46, seeks attractive, intelligent, butch for fun and erotic passionate lovemaking. Like some toys. When can you and I get started? No smokers, drugs, boozers or bi's. Send photo. Southwest Area. Box 709.

**SEX WORK (AND PLAY)**
Read the book? Establishing contact/support group for Chicago/Midwest area women in the sex industry. Also seeking occasional companions, clean and sober, sorta butch, physically and emotionally self-respecting with a good sense of humor who would like to help me explore and broaden my sexual horizons. Photo a must. Will reciprocate. Box 710.

**CRAVE THE REAL THING**
Tired of experimenting with bi-females. Want a real experienced gay top femme to seduce me, take my lesbian-virginity completely and show me how to please her as well. I'm 28, blonde, green eyes, 5'6, 120 lbs. (34B-24-36), clean, discreet, sincere & very fit. Photo & details please. Box 711.

**WAITING FOR YOU**
Very shy, attractive, femme, 28, long blonde hair, physically fit, out only one year, full of passion and desire, yearning for a hot and delicious encounter with you! Send me a note and your photo and I'll send you mine. Let's start fantasizing! I can't wait to meet you! Box 712.

**ATTRACTIVE FEMININE TOMBOY**
31, educated, professional, traveler, straight forward nonsmoker with zest for lust. Looking for busty femme to share adventures with. Come ride on my new toy...my Harley, of course. West Palm Beach, FL. Box 713.

**SHAMEFUL, SINFUL, SERIOUS**
Athletic, GWF, blonde blue eyes seeks submissive playmate. I'm playing for keeps this time. If you crave a mistress who knows how to rule a woman, then let's do it. West Coast bound. Only serious, with photo. Box 714.

**LITTLE BIG SWISS MISS**
Happy Birthday hugs and kisses from Tijuana to Vancouver. Two sisters such as us shouldn't be separated by

# PERSONALS
## ON OUR BACKS

two international borders and too many miles. Big little. Box 715.

**241**

Visiting or living in Michigan? Two hot, intelligent, fun irreverent women in their 20's would like to share you. Me: punky, leather top. Her: ACA-chic, whip-loving bottom. You: 20-35, drop dead cute top or bottom. Alternative music, politics and attitude a must. No "wimmin" or straight flirts. Send photo and shoe size. Box 716.

**I WANT IT ALL**

Hot, butch, bottom desires to be owned. I'm tough enough for your love, anytime, anyway, anywhere. I seek no promises and set no limits. Take me. The possibilities are endless. Box 717.

**FUNLOVING**

Experienced and educated. Likes B/D, S/M, emphasis on having fun. Relocating to Bay Area May 90. Seeking lesbians for scenes, friendship. Group scenes welcome. Box 718.

**ARE YOU PUDGED FACED?**

Rottweiler lover seeks same. Must be proficient in redecorating, especially trimwork and couch cushions. Excessive smoking, drugs, and heavy drinking a must! Accident prone, ok. Box 720.

**FULFILL MY FANTASY**

St. Louis MO, 40something, novice, seeks femme authority figure. I am a smart-mouthed brat in need of attitude adjustment. You will bare my bottom and administer the over the knee spanking and lecture I deserve. You will make sure that when I sit down tomorrow I'll remember the spanking I got today, for you won't stop until my bottom is cherry red—unless you make me stand in a corner while you rest your hand. Box 724.

**DANCING AND?**

33, attractive & fun. Early 30's, bi. Seeking attractive aggressive feminine women that love to dance. Box 721.

Wanted: Bi or Lesbian feminine, young woman 18-25 for personal lesbian video. Top $ paid. Send full body photo and brief description about yourself. C. Miller, 2470 Washington Ave, Box 29, San Leandro, CA 94577.

**FLORIDA GODDESS (TOP)**

Blonde, beautiful and hot. Looking for gorgeous submissive femme to share loving times. Box 723.

**S/M WITCHES!**

Lesbian witch interested in corresponding with others who incorporate S/M into their spirituality and rituals. Box 725.

**MAKE ME A WOMAN**

Pretty femme with tomboy streak looking for similar playmates to relieve me of virginity. Well-read and opinionated; half-bitch, half-baby. Romancing not necessary—dancing is. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Photo if possible. Baltimore area. Pull my string, take me home. Box 726.

**DOES YOUR DOOR SWING?**

Both ways? I'd like to correspond with you. I'm bi, creative, Eurasian, California dwelling, healthy, young. Please be clean, sober and not obsessed with death. Box 727.

**NEW CUMMER**

L.A. base, 25, 5'8 1/2", 120 lbs., red hair, blue eyes, sexy femme. Tattooed, shy at first, but eager to meet a woman (race?) who can be seducer, teacher, friend. I've fantasized about you for so long. You're creative, intelligent, funny, playful, adventurous, thoughtful, romantic, sensual. Box 728.

**SUBMISSIVE LESBIAN FEMME**

Attractive, petite 26 year-old, needs dominant lover who will treat me like a lady or slut. Let me share my gratitude by submitting to your every desire. B/D, humiliation, female body worship, golden showers and foot worship available to anyone who understands my needs as well. Mid-Atlantic region, but travel to SF in July & Dec. Photo & letter please. Box 729.

**WEIRD THRILLS**

Smart, funny, kinky, abnormal woman, 28, seeks same ( or vaguely similar) for Serious Romantic-Sexual Relationship, a.k.a. love, whatever the heck that means. I'm currently undergoing drastic re-evaluation of my definition of the word. How'd ya like to re-evaluate with me, baby? Nudge, nudge. Boring but mandatory laundry list: I like books, cheap laughs, soul-searching and perverted sex. I dislike television, tobacco, censorship, and monogamy. I'm neutral about lawn bowling, parsley, Scotch tape and four wheel drive. If I made you giggle, then send letter, photo, bad poetry, or anything else that expresses the Real You to Box 730.

**NOVICE TURNS HERSELF OUT**

Feisty femme, early 20's, pierced, punk and precocious seeks skilled responsible partners for S/M play and education. Interests: Mostly bottoming, some switch, role play from SAM to servant, flagellation, public scenes, boots and heels, slapping, restraints, force and weapons. No heavy drugs, alcohol, monogamy or ownership. San Francisco, frequent NYC visits. Send letter with fantasy(ies). Your photo gets mine. Box 731.

**HOT! FEMME SUBMISSIVE**

Wants a butch top into many aspects of S/M. I need discipline and dominance done safely. A daddy who wants a femme at her feet. Send photo and letter please. Box 732.

**SUCCESSFUL ASIAN ENTREPRENEUR**

Very attracted to blond hair, blue eyes, petite, feminine woman. If you are 33-40, single, attractive, enjoy quality of life, both financially and emotionally stable I would like to meet you for fun and more! Box 733.

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If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

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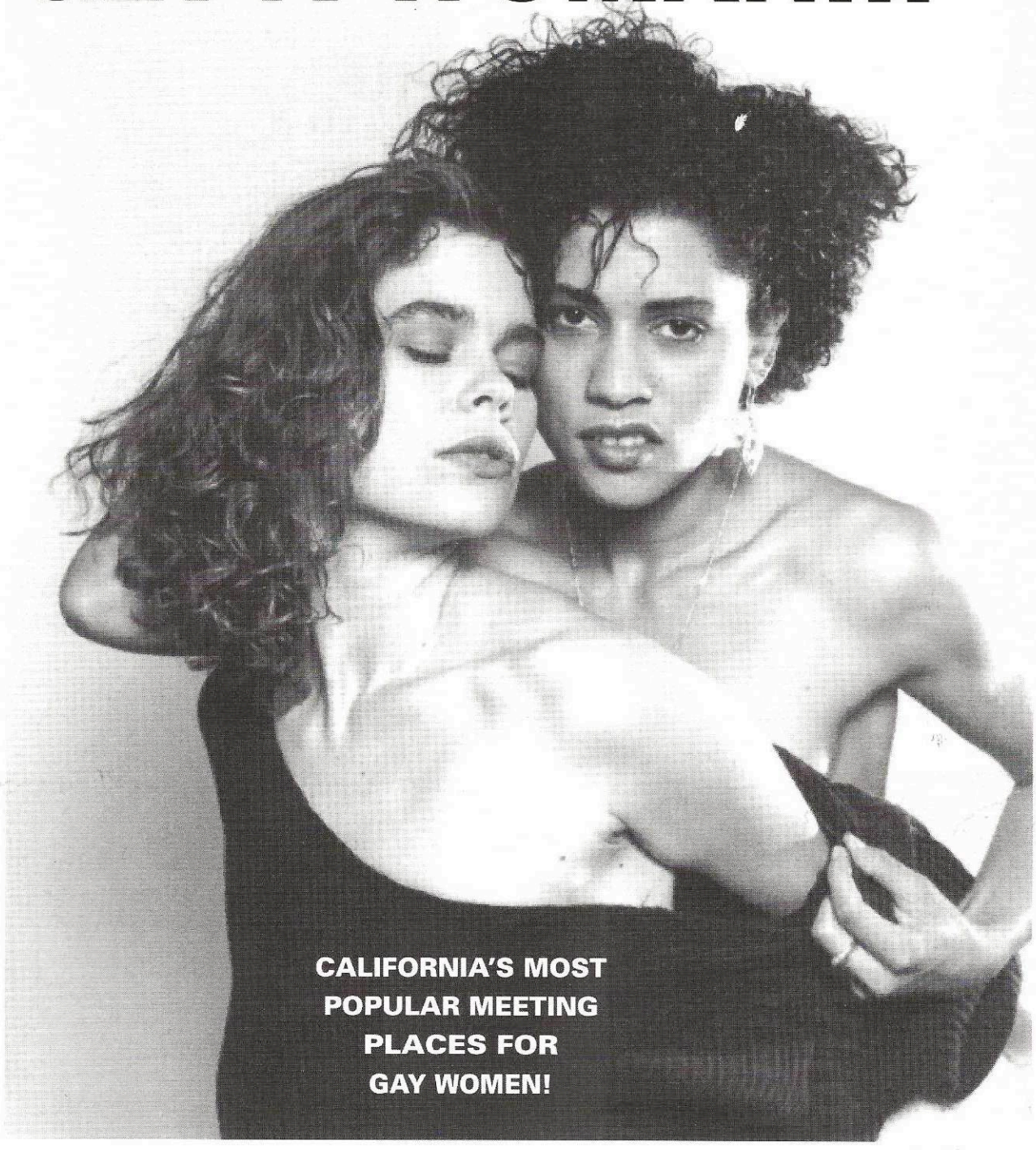


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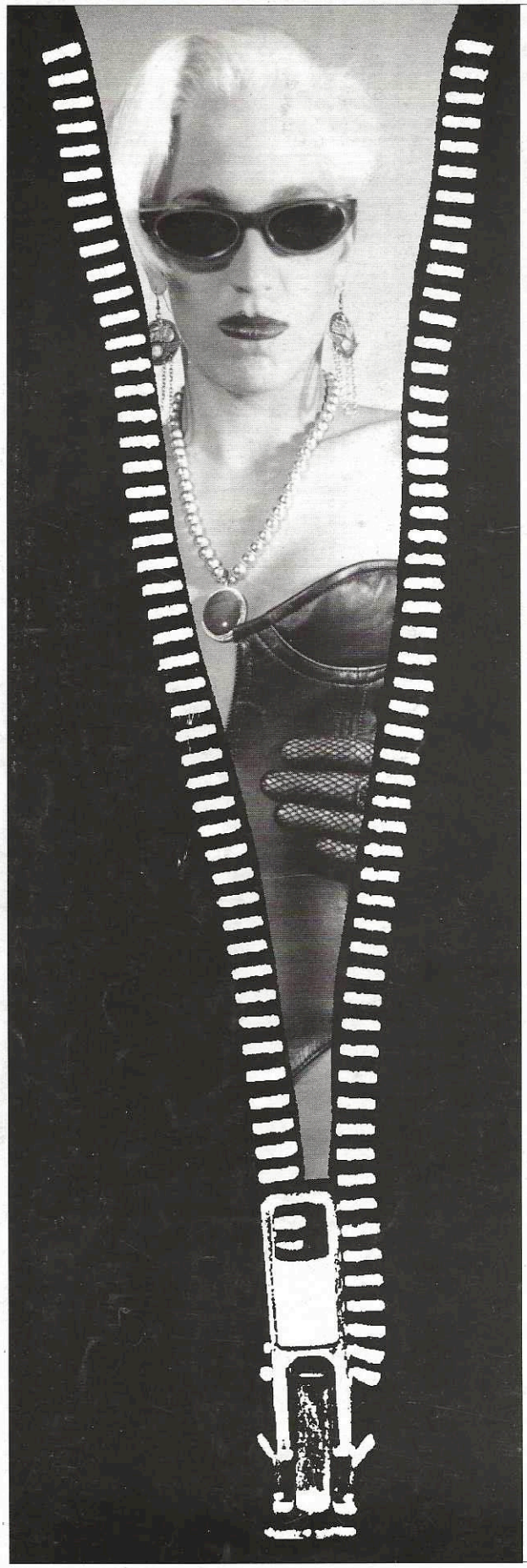

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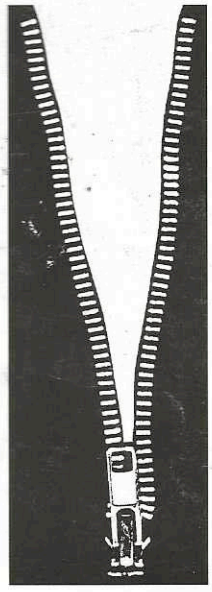
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